

RANDOM RHYMES AND ODD NUMBERS

WALLACE IRWIN



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RANDOM RHYMES
AND ODD NUMBERS

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RANDOM RHYMES

AND

ODD NUMBERS

BY

WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED

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To my Wife

WISHING THAT MY ART WERE WORTHY THE
MUSE WHO INSPIRES IT
THESE RHYMES ARE AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

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RANDOM RHYMES
AND ODD NUMBERS

TO THE AVERAGE MAN

THE Average Man wears the average clothes
And the average hat on his head;
He eats at a table and sits on a chair
And (normally) sleeps on a bed;
For he scorns the eccentric, and never would dare
To sleep on a table or eat on a chair.

The Average Man seeks the corner saloon
Omeric refreshment to find;
But, shunning the tipple, he wanders to church
When he is devoutly inclined —
Nor does he expect to find whiskey or dice
In the place that is famed for religious advice.

The Average Man says the average things
And sings just the average songs;
He's deucedly fond of the Average Girl,
For whom he unceasingly longs —
And his vices and virtues, too many to tell,
Are oddly at odds — but they average well.

Statistics declare that the Average Man
Finds the Average Woman and mates;
That the Average Family, children all told,
Is something like two and three-eights.
(Though fractional children disturb and appal,
The Average Man isn't worried at all.)

To the Average Man

The Average Man reads the average books,
And sometimes he writes 'em, I hear;
He's neither a genius, a knave, nor a fool,
In fact he despises the queer;
For if he departed the Average Plan
He'd cease to be known as the Average Man.

But deep in the breast of the Average Man
The passions of ages are swirled,
And the loves and the hates of the Average Man
Are old as the heart of the world —
For the thought of the Race, as we live and we die,
Is in keeping the Man and the Average high.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES

THE BALLAD OF PILKINS' PUMP

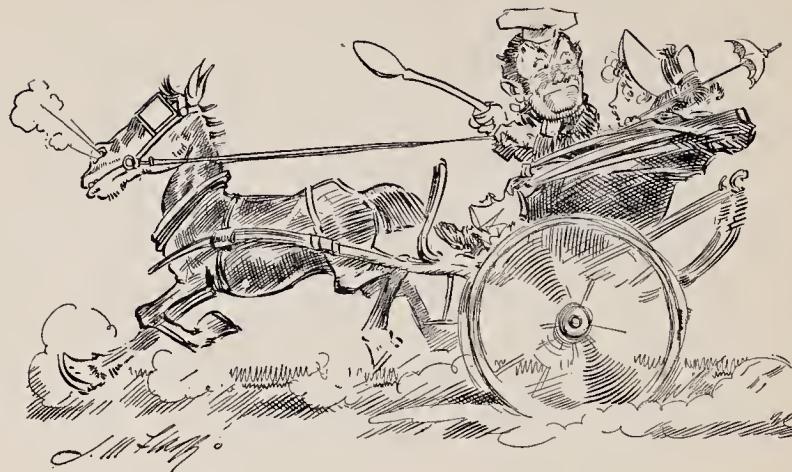


SIR MARMADUKE, Sir Marmaduke,
Arise thee from thy book—
Thy daughter Gladys hath eloped
With William Jones, the cook!
I saw them riding down the road
Within a one-horse shay;
Wouldst thou sit oofing here, Sir Marm
With such a grudge to pay?"

Sir Marmaduke him up hath gat
And thrice hath smote his head,
"François de Plum, my French chafoor,
Chaf thou mine auto red;
Mine owlish goggles to me bring,
And eke my rubber coat—
Heav'n pity them within that shay
When Marmaduke doth mote!"

The auto in the road doth pant,
A hectic sight to see,
And there, I ween, doth gasoline
Make odors three times three—
In blithely leap our heroes twain,
And as the sparks explode
Like lightning multiplied by steam
They scorch them down the road.

The Ballad of Pilkins' Pump



Adown the road they niftly scorch
Till eke and eft forsooth
By Pilkins' Pump their speed doth slack
And direful dawns the Truth;
Down-busted is the whole shebang,
O hapless hap, alas!
The sparker will not spark because
The gasoline won't gas!

O Marmaduke, Sir Marmaduke,
Recall that deep-sworn D.!
Such godless word befittheth not
A man of familee;
Fran ois de Plum, down on thy tum,
Nor grind thy Gallic teeth,
Crawl snakelike on the sward and see
What hath gone wrong beneath!

And now the jocund peasantry
Come tripping o'er the sward,

The Ballad of Pilkins' Pump



From every tarn, from every barn,
From every chicken-yard,
To snicker at the glowering Knight
And mock his vain remorse,
And some cry, "Git a monkey-wrench!"
Yet others, "Git a horse!"

"O tell me, jocund peasantry,
Saw ye that fleeing pair?"
"O, yes, Sir Knight, this morning bright
We seen 'em riding fair.
Their horse was lame and blind and tame,
And like molasses slow.
'Twill be a snap to catch them, sir,
Within that swift au-to."

"Fudge on your words!" upspake the Knight,
Down-swallowing a lump,

The Ballad of Pilkins' Pump

“Swish-bingled little speed we'll make
Tied here to Pilkins' Pump!”
Then forth crawls fair François de Plum
A smudge across his chin,
“Cheer up, good Knight, 'tis fixed all right—
Jump in, Milord, jump in!”

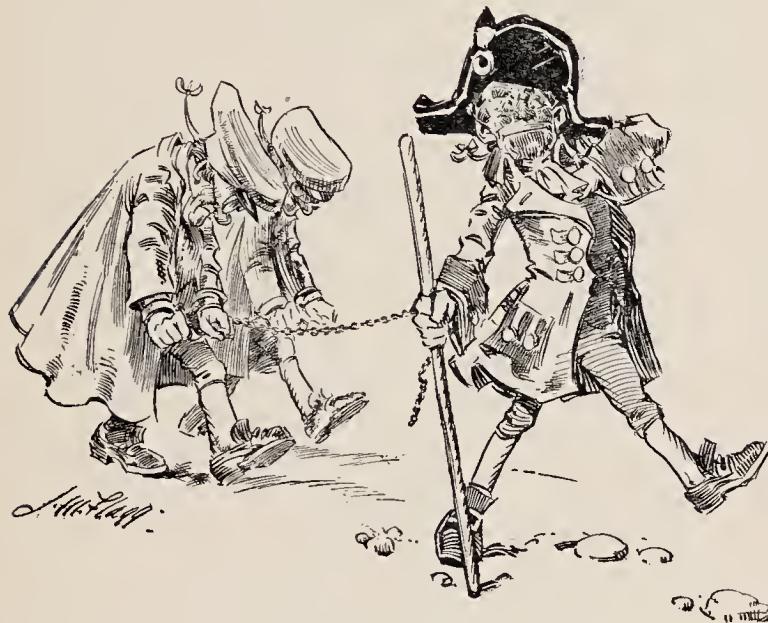
Then in they jump and off they jump
A streak of red and gray,
Down-felling all the peasantry
That stand across their way;



Si Scroggins' Barn and Reubenville
At bullet speed they pass
To Stringtown, where the Constable
Hath strewn the road with glass.

The Ballad of Pilkins' Pump

O moment dire! *puff* goes a tire,
And in a clownish way
Sir Marmaduke and F. de Plum
Land in a stack of hay,
From whence Bill Brown, the Constable,
Our heroes handcuffed brings,
“For scorchin’ on the King’s Highway
And trespassin’, be jings!”



Then to the Justice of the Peace
Doth march that rustic boor
A-dragging haughty Marmaduke
And ditto his chafoor;
But at the Justice of the Peace
What waits them there, I pray?

The Ballad of Pilkin's Pump



A lame horse drowseth by the door
Hitched to a one-horse shay!

And from the Justice of the Peace —
O be mine eyes mistook? —
The Lady Gladys fareth forth
And leads her darling Cook;
The orange flowers are in her hair,
(List how the Father raves!)
The Cook in bridal weeds attired
A marriage license waves.

“O humble Cook, O pastry Cook,
(Here, chafoor, pay my fine!)
Can I forgive this sneaking trick
Thou dost to me and mine?
To share my lands with such a churl
Gadzookly I am loth —
But hitch mine auto to your shay
And I will bless ye both!”

The Ballad of Pilkins' Pump



Then homeward in the one-horse shay
The happy couple go,
With Marmaduke and F. de Plum
Dragged wearily in tow.
And as they roll, the weary Knight
Doth sigh to his chafoor,
“The Auto goeth swift by jerks,
The Horse is slow but sure!”

THE PARLOR SOCIALIST

SHE'D tired of parties, bridge, and balls,
She'd worn out theatres and calls;
No lovers pleased her any more,
Yachting was equally a bore.
She tried a Yogi — *he* went stale;
So, finding every pleasure fail,
She slapped the System on the wrist,
And called herself a Socialist.

So now she sits up late o' nights
And reads what Mr. London writes.
She's also read "The Jungle" through
(Her father made his pile in glue).
She doesn't think that Gorky's nice,
But still she keeps his books on ice;
And Bernard Shaw's peculiar twist
She likes — for she's a Socialist.

She gives a tea just once a week,
With trimmings which she calls "unique" —
Expensive orchids here and there,
With now and then a head of hair
Above a gentlemanly voice
Which lisps of "Tolstoy's Higher Choice";
Quite "radical" becomes the gist
Of talk — for she's a Socialist.

The Parlor Socialist

Before a priceless inlaid desk
She sits in costume something-esque;
The precious carvings in the halls,
The gobelins upon the walls,
Stare as she writes, from time to time,
“Personal Property — a Crime.”

The passing butler whispers: “Hist!
Be quiet! She’s a Socialist!”

Only her father chuckles, “Pooh!”
(He owns Amalgamated Glue).
“Last year,” he says, “it seems to me
Her fad was genealogy;
Next year, perhaps, she’ll take a freak
To study law or ancient Greek.
She’s so darned cute I can’t resist
Watchin’ her playin’ Socialist!”

AN INTERRUPTED MIRACLE

As summer's trail of boiling heat I wandered in the wake of
I sought a Broadway restaurant my luncheon to partake of.

The Waiter with great courtesy brought food both wet and
dry,

Then with a pose of deference assumed his station nigh.

And when my frugal meal was done the Waiter brought the
slip.

I paid my score, then quietly presented him a tip.

At which the Waiter turned away. His looks I can't describe.
"Retain your money, sir," he said, "I cannot take a bribe!"

"I speak but true — my wants are few, I do not need the
stuff.

The Management is kind to me and pays me well enough.

"Oh, keep your money, sir, I pray — or spend it as you should
Upon some worthy charity where it will do some good."

I watched the fellow turn away — I could not speak or
smile.

I mopped the dewdrops from my brow and felt my pulse
awhile.

An Interrupted Miracle

“It was a dream — a dream!” at last I found the voice to
say —

“Or haply New Jerusalem has opened on Broadway.”

But even as I spoke, my fevered fancies to disturb,
A jaunty Bellevue ambulance backed up against the curb.

Attendants brought that Waiter out and bundled him aboard.
I knew where he was going — to the Psychopathic Ward.

THE BRIDE'S PROCESSIONAL

FIRST in importance the BRIDE comes — her dresses,
Ribbons and laces and feelings and fluffs,
Fit of her bodice and curl of her tresses,
Trousseau and trinkets and powder and puffs.
Frills in abundance, tucks in redundancy,
Blushes in companies, squadrons, brigades,
Ever renewing (Cupid reviewing
Stands like a general flanked by his aides).
Next come the Presents in regiments splendid,
Duplicate ice pitchers, berry sets, spoons,
Silver, for heaven-knows-what-all intended,
Clocks, lamps, decanters in solid platoons.
Cart loads and van loads, dray loads and man loads,
Useful and useless, ugly and fair;
Piles of 'em, miles of 'em, myriad styles of 'em
Join the parade with a militant air.
Next come Her Relatives — uncles by dozens,
Sisters by marriage and numerous aunts,
Multiple nieces and fractional cousins,
Chiefs of the clan, you can see at a glance;
Friends of Her mother's, chums of Her brother's,
Bevies of bridesmaids (efficient as blushers);
Next comes the Pastor, of knots the grand master,
Then in importance we notice the Ushers.
Next in the order of rank the Musician
Comes in this nuptial function of June,

The Bride's Processional

Wafting abroad from his lofty position
Lohengrin's quite indispensable tune.
Next in the function the Butler's grave unction
Marshals the servants through palm-covered bowers,
Welcoming blandly, ordering grandly
Men with refreshments and ices and flowers.

Last in importance there stands a young fellow
Close to the BRIDE as she enters the room —
Let him look happy or dazzled or mellow ;
No one will notice — he's only the *groom* !

THE LUXURIES OF THE SIMPLE

LISTEN to my sorrows
Owing to my wife—
She's a monomaniac
On "The Simple Life."

Says she wants a homestead
Somewhere in the hills,
Far from wear and shove and tear
And the pace that kills.

Just a simple cottage
Free from pomp and show,
(Real estate's expensive
Where she wants to go).

Wants some woolly lambkins
On the hills to browse,
Wants some chickens, horses, ducks,
Ditto pigs and cows.

Wants some simple furniture
Built for art and use,
(These rough-hewn interiors
Cost to beat the deuce).

Wants a trickling river
Near our sylvan haunt —

The Luxuries of the Simple

Fact there's nothing out-of-doors
That she *doesn't* want.

Spare me, wife, O spare me
This simplicity—
Do not scorn our uptown flat
With its luxury !

Not for us the humble
Country pleasures, dear,
While our income's limited,
Seven thou' a year.

With our vulgar glitter
Be content, my wife—
We're not nearly rich enough
To lead the Simple Life !

THE INCUBATED CHICK

(A PSYCHOLOGIC TRAGEDY)

I'M not a little orphan, sir,
 But I am just as sad,
A-peakin' and a-pinin' for
 The love I never had —
One touch of human sympathy
 Would melt my poultry natur',
But I refrain from hope so vain,
 For ma's an incubator !

When first I burst my parent shell,
 How hideous the dream —
No rich *cluck, cluck* fond love to tell;
 No sound, alas, but — *steam* !
I felt in vain for sheltering wings
 Within that broilin' crater;
And then, in sooth, the horrid truth —
 Ma was an incubator !

I see that tin thing over there
 And weep beside my brother —
“Ah, hideous lie — how much I try
 I *cannot* call it mother !”
You say I'm false, unnatural,
 Cruel as an alligator !
One can't remain quite normal when
 His ma's an incubator.

The Incubated Chick

Sometimes at rosy-fingered dawn
I stand in pensive mood
As now and then some kind, sweet hen
Walks proudly with her brood —
Dear influences of the home !
And I, a woman-hater,
Stand all apart with withered heart:
For ma's an incubator.

“DA STRÍT PIANNA”

It dis-a-way in dis-a worl', w'ere everat'ing don' fit,
Some fellas mak-a da music, an' da oders pay for it,
An' da's-a w'y me an' Bianca, evera place we go,
We play-a tunes da pipple lak, from Harlem to Park Row;
An' if our music somatime sad, an' somatime it gay —
Well, da's da kine o' music w'at da strit pianna play!

Ting-a-ting, ting! Hear 'ow it sing —
Come, drop-a some money in!
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
You shak-a da tamborin'!

You t'ink because da strit pianna work by crank an' wheel
It has-a not da 'eart an' soul, it don' know 'ow to feel?
Den tell-a me w'y, w'en winter come, an' snow is in da sky,
It play-a “Good Ol' Summa Time” an' mak' you want to
cry;
An' w'en da spring-a-time 'as come an' everat'ing ees gay,
You laugh-a ha-ha! — so 'appy — w'en da strit pianna play?

Bang-a-bang bing! Mos' anyt'ing —
Drop-a yo' neekel in!
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
You whack-a da tambourin'.

Las' weenter w'en da win' ees col' an' snow all over lie,
Our li'l' gal Maria she ees sick an' al-a-mos' die;
Den poor Bianca stay at 'ome an' I go out alone,

“ Da Strit Pianna ”

An' in-a evera tune I grind I 'ear my baby moan,
Till “ Fare-a-well, My Violet ” grow loud an' float away—
Virgin of Sorrow, *You* know w'at dat strit pianna play!

Tum-a-tum, tum ! da trouble he come,
Da sorrow he enter in —



All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank
You shak-a da tambourin'.

But w'en da day ees nice-a warm, jus' lak-a da Italee
An' chil'ren play-a 'roun' da Square, as 'appy as can be,

“ Da Strit Pianna ”

Me an' Bianc' we work-a so 'ard to mak' dat strit pianna
Play “I-a Got One Feel for You” and maybe “Rusticana”—
Da chil'ren dance, we mak-a da mon an' everat'ing ees gay;
Da's w'en I vera glad to 'ear da strit pianna play!

Tum-a-to, to! bulla for you!

Mak-a da plenty tin—

All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,

You shak-a da tambourin'.

By gran' 'otel, by cheap-a saloon, all same, we do our part,
An' w'en we do not mak-a da mon, we live jus' for our Art;
But w'en we catch-a plenty coin we verra glad, for we
T'ink o' dat vineyard w'at we buy in sunny Lombardie,
An' 'ow Bianc' an' li'l' Maria goin' 'ome some day,
Live 'appy from da music w'at dat strit pianna play!

Tum-a-tum, tum! ever-r-r-a-one come,

Drop-a da neekel in!

All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,

You pass-a da tambourin'!

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

If you should go to Gumbo Goo
And explorations make,
The natives there would welcome you
And cut you up as steak.
You shouldn't swear or make a fuss
At such a demonstration —
It's simply one of the cus-, cus-, cus-,
The Customs of the Nation.

If you into Somaliland
Should happen for to stray,
The folk would tie you foot and hand
And take your clothes away.
'Twere vain to kick if treated thus
For savage recreation —
'Tis simply one of the cus-, cus-, cus-,
The Customs of the Nation.

If you should visit U. S. A.,
They'll meet you at the port,
And take your bags and trunks away
And loot them, just for sport.
But do not grow censorious
At such precipitation —
It's simply one of the cus-, cus-, cus-,
The Customs of our Nation.

CHARITY DISCONSOLATE

THERE sat upon a water plug a workman unemployed.
I said, "Good man, here's twenty cents — now please be
overjoyed.

No doubt you are a worthy person very much in need,
And so you will appreciate my charitable deed.
So try to lead a better life and seek employment, pray."
Now I wonder why he cursed me as I went upon my way?

Upon the street I saw a girl with tearful face and wan
I said, "Here is a quarter, girl, to live and thrive upon.
Your air should be more dignified, your hat and dress more
neat,
And you should surely be at home instead of on the street.
Go seek some lofty sphere of life and learn to work and
save — "
Now I wonder why she laughed and threw my quarter on
the pave?

I visited the pauper's den and tried to soothe him there
By mentioning his squalid rooms and dearth of light and air,
I showed the error of his ways, how foolish he must be,
And urged him to reform at once and pattern after me —
And do you know that wicked man grew violent and rude?
Why do the lower classes show such rank ingratitude?

THE REAPERS

ME, and Death, and my Auto,
Merry of mood we three,
Went for a spin one morning,
Friendly as friends could be.
“Pouff! Pouff! Pouff!” said my Auto,
And old Death winked at me.

Me, and Death, and my Auto,
Sped with a strength divine,
Women, and men, and babies,
Fell in our deadly line.
“Hit! Hit! Hit!” said my Auto.
“Bully!” said Death, “they’re mine!”

Me, and Death, and my Auto,
Zipped like a shot through the town
While I directed the lever
And the Auto carried ‘em down;
But Death sat back on the cushions
And whistled and waved his crown

Me, and Death, and my Auto,
Were stopped by a cop on the hill.
“Ten dollars fine,” said the copper,
“For faith ye have sped to kill.”
“True,” said Death, with a chuckle,
“But the pleasure is worth the bill.”

SPRING IN WALL STREET

THE long green bills are sprouting
All down the peaceful blocks;
A cascade falls among the walls
And trickles through the stocks;
The tender lambs still gamble
On almost anything,
While the woodland bear deserts his lair
To sniff the scent of spring.

The market breeze grows "active"
And hope is "ruling strong."
Once more is heard the plunger-bird,
Who lifts his cotton song—
The song that tells the story
Of some forgotten king
Who played a lot, until he got
A tumble in the spring.

Spring wheat and corn are growing
Around the Stock Exchange,
Where the shepherds keep the foolish sheep
A-nibbling fodder strange,
The blithe, bucolic brokers
A scale of prices sing,
And this is all so natural
You're sure that it is spring.

A DIALOGUE OF DISDAIN

HER

You woik? Don't make me laff, me face is weary!

So *you're* de mutt dey've hired to bust de strike—
Say, if de State militia wasn't leary,

Dere'd be a passin'-out fer yours, sure Mike.



You woikin' w'en dere's notin' fer de Union

But nestin' on de beer kegs down de line?

Fer nerve-tablets strong and able ye're de goods wit'out
de label,

So excuse *me* if I says, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"

A Dialogue of Disdain

Say, draw yer pay! it's time fer yer vacation.

Back to yer tank and pull de lid down too,
Before ye meet de Brickbat Delegation —

I t'ink I hear yer mudder callin' you.

Perhaps y' own de subway, wit' a contract

To dynamite de boycotts down de line —

Den perhaps ye're jest a slob holdin' down a union job

And deservin' dese kind woids, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"

HIM

Say, Lady, ye're de Boat to Dreamland, ain't ye?

Wit' me chust General Bumps along wit' you!



I wish I was a artist chust to paint ye

A-swingin' yer harpoon to chab me t'rough.

A Dialogue of Disdain

Becuz I am a mutt outside de Union
Dey pets me wit' a gaspipe down de line
And de Lizzies passin' by gits de statuary eye
And hands me out de wheeze, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"

I ain't a James K. Hackett fer me beauty,
I ain't a Chauncey Olcott fer me con;
But I'm de hook-and-ladders w'en me dooty
Is dignifyin' Labor — are y' on?
O' course it ain't becuz I need de money
Dat I'm a-bustin' strikes along de line,
But I'm stuck on stoppin' bricks wit' me head and dodgin'
kicks,
And I love yer serenade, "Pooh-pooh fer mine!"

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

SHE has fixed me a “smoking room,” panelled in green,
With settles “severe” of outline,
And weathered oak tables (outrageously clean),
And couch covers, Persian design,
’Tis a chamber too perfect for me to employ
The pipe’s grimy fiends to invoke ;
So I ask, with a sigh, as I put my pipe by,
“Where the deuce is a fellow to smoke?”

She has fixed me a library, splendid and rich,
(Mahogany’s frightful to scratch),
There are shelves full of novels and treatises which
She bought for their bindings (they match).
There’s a grand antique chair, at a grand antique desk,
Which frowns at the comfort I need,
When I ask, with a roar, at the library door,
“Where the deuce is a fellow to read?”

She has fixed me a living room, low-browed and deep,
With a touch of “colonial style,”
With hand-finished doors, and such beautiful floors,
That you shudder their sheen to defile.
Such “careless simplicity” neatly arranged,
Mere lounging could never forgive,
So I moan as I fade from the “living room’s” shade,
“Where the deuce is a fellow to live?”

THE MAGIC OF THE MOTH-BALL

I MAY not sing the lavender of grandma's gentle prime,
Or the hay that scents the meadows or the odor-blowing
thyme,
But the anguish of the moment fairly drives me to compose
Stanzas to the little moth-ball that preserves my summer
clothes.

The marble-finished moth-ball,
The safe and useful moth-ball;
The unpretentious moth-ball that preserves my summer
clothes.

She laid my suit so tenderly upon the shelf last fall,
And in each pocket, crease, and seam she dropped one tiny
ball.

I durst not groan, I durst not moan; I only heard her say,
“Tis the magic of the moth-ball that will keep the moths
away.”

The germ-destroying moth-ball,
The hygienic moth-ball,
The permeating moth-ball that will keep the moths away.

Through winter's long and bitter days it weltered in its fume.
Like asphalt multiplied by tar it trickled through the room,
An odor so miraculous, so subtle, yet so strong
That neither moth nor man could live within its presence
long.

The Magic of the Moth-Ball

It was the magic moth-ball,
The highly seasoned moth-ball,
The medicated moth-ball — nothing could withstand it long.

Again I take the garment down with feelings strangely sad.
No moths have gnawed its flowing seams — oh, how I wish
they had !

For with that unrelenting smell still clinging to the cloth
I turn and flee my summer suit as fled the little moth.
The fumigating moth-ball,
The time-defying moth-ball,
The unforgetting moth-ball — who can blame the little
moth ?

THE WAIL OF A WEARY SPOOK

IT was a weary-looking ghost
That sat beside my bed.
Apparently he was a most
Dissatisfied and peevish ghost,
And this was what he said:—

“My duty is to answer calls
For many mediums,
To nightly visit public halls
To tumble chairs and tap on walls
And play on horns and drums,

“To enter seances and meet
With folks I do not know,
And when my business they entreat,
In spectral whispers to repeat,
‘I am your brother Jo!’

“And when I flutter to the Hub
There’s little rest for me.
Some dotty Psychic Research Club
Begins my character to drub
Till I would fain be free.

“And Minot Savage seems to look
Upon me as a swiper
As he remarks, ‘Come hither, Spook !

The Wail of a Weary Spook

Please take this package and this book
Across to Mrs. Piper.'

"From Beacon Hill to Panama
I'm billed to do my stunts,
From Steubenville to Omaha,
From Maine to Philadelphia —
Full forty towns at once.

"In life I was a quiet cuss
Who led a quiet life;
I little thought it could be thus,
That death could be so strenuous,
The grave so full of strife.

"O Mister, don't you want a spook
To work about the home,
To mind the door, to help the cook,
To dust your hearth and ingle-nook
And haunt you in the gloam?

"O sir!" — he cried, but that was all,
For with a sad sobriety
He vanished quickly through the wall
To 'tend a far-off hurry-call
In some Research Society.

THE VICISSITUDES OF MUSIC

WHEN Music, heavenly maid ! was young,
(Collins, forgive my stolen strain,)
Pan-shepherd from his reeds outflung
 To lake and stream the wild refrain
Which set the nimble nymphs a-dancing
And even the bearded flocks to prancing.

When Music, heavenly maid ! was young
 Goddess and priestess fair she stood
And all the mysteries she sung
 Entranced the sacred Sisterhood ;
Pure Helicon and Delphic caverns
She graced — and entered not the taverns.

When Music, maid, was middle aged
 A showman carried her away
And she was dramatized and staged
 And made to caper through the play,
Threading her sweet, ethereal dances
To please the Public's febrile fancies.

When Music, heavenly jade ! was old
 Her lovely gifts of fire and air
Unto a restaurant she sold
 To sanctify the bill of fare,
To soothe the fat and greasy glutton
Between the oysters and the mutton.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

“You think you do — but you don’t.”

— BERNARD SHAW.

IN the touch-and-go of the daily show
Where the virtues are highly prized,
We've a conscience sweet with the mild conceit
That we're terribly civilized;
And we're looking down with a Jove-like frown
On the Turk or the Hottentot,
While we spread our wings like the perfect things
Which we *think* we are — but we're not.

This nation of ours, as it tells the Powers,
Is the land of the free and the brave;
In God we trust, and we're awfully just,
And we haven't the sign of a slave.
No peasants toil on our chainless soil,
As labor the sons of the Czar;
For we're not in the hooks of the fierce Grand Dukes —
We *think* we're not — but we are.

There's no great span 'twixt the Congressman
And the humblest Mick in the ditch;

You Never Can Tell

We see no charms in a coat of arms,
And we don't bow down to the rich.
We never graze with a thankful gaze
In the fields of the parvenu;
We never stare at a millionnaire—
We *think* we don't — but we do.



THOUGHTS FOR AN EASTER MORNING

HAIL, serene hour of the modiste and milliner,
Financial ruin and Paris creation,
When the suave Tempter of Women is fillin' 'er
Head with the seed of demoralization !
Spring, you declare, brings the lilies and roses —
Don't rub it in, friend ; I know about that.
I am the bankrupt who paid for the posies
Spring has arrayed on her Ladyship's hat.

Easter and bonnets ! the subject is stale enough,
Annual rhapsodies flying through distance ;
Yet there's excuse for them, since we know well enough
Easter and bonnets are still in existence.
Shop windows quiver with feminine chatter,
Sidewalks are blocked where the darlings converse
When the French milliner, mad as a hatter,
Flaunts her "designs" — with designs on my purse.

Ding-dong the bell, and we're going to services,
World and his Wife and the Dev — I beg pardon !

Thoughts for an Easter Morning

Adam, in broadcloth, a trifling bit nervous is;
Eve, on her tresses, is wearing the Garden!
Brazen and bright, near the saintly procession,
Stands a new milliner's sign — can she see?
And if she can, will she make the confession?
“MLLE. SATAN, LATE STYLES FROM PAREE.”

THE REFORMATION OF COHEN

COHEN was a Nihilist
In the humble day,
When he worked at sorting rags
Down on Bowery way.

Cohen was an Anarchist
All the years that he
Held a job as sweat-shop boss
On a salary.

Cohen was a Communist,
(Very mild of tone)
When he had a factory
All his very own.

Cohen was Republican,
Mammon's advocate,
When he joined his factory
To a syndicate.

Cohen, now a Royalist,
Says the Upper Classes
Ought to hold the sovereign power
To control The Masses.

BOHEMIA

(A DIALOGUE)

SCENE : *A 35-cent table d'hôte. Pierre and Achille vis-a-vis over a dappled tablecloth.*

Pierre

YES, I have read your verse, Achille.
You show not thought alone — you feel,
Such symbolism, and again
A spice of — I might say Verlaine;
But with new spirit and new tone —
A style and manner all your own.
Where did you sell it? Has it been
Yet published in a magazine?

Achille

A magazine! What can it do?
Discerning editors are few,
I hate the hypocritic smirk
With which they all reject my work.
I write no longer for the press —

Pierre

Ah, editorial sightlessness!
The merest trash would serve their ends —

Bohemia

They buy the poems of their friends.
There's a small matter which —

Achille (feverishly)

— Ahem, —
Your paintings, let us talk of them.
They're marvels.

Pierre

Here's a thing of mine
Which I regard as rather fine.

Achille

Such atmosphere! such breadth of line!
Such daring treatment! (Pass the wine.)
Force with imagination blent.
Let's see — what does it represent?

Pierre

Why do you hold it upside down?

Achille

Ah, pardon! — thus. Such blue, such brown!
You've sold it?

Pierre

Thousand thunders, no!
See how the Shylock dealers grow
To riches while the buyers cease
To recognize the masterpiece.

Bohemia

Achille

Quite so. Their fat wits all demand
Cheap art that they can understand.

Pierre (suggestively)

Real Art must starve.

Achille (nervously)

Too true, Pierre.

Pierre

Speaking of starving, that affair —
That loan — I need it very much.

Achille (aside as he rises to go)

I thought he'd try to make a touch.

(aloud)

Yes, yes — I know. But fates are such —
(reaches for hat)

Pierre

Why haste, companion? Must you go?

Achille

Even a genius works at times.

I have a stirring mood for rhymes.

Good-night, dear friend.

[*Exit.*

Bohemia

Pierre

Alas, good-night!

(finishing the claret which Achille has left)

My dearest curse be on his pate —

I'll drink his wine at any rate.

PHILISTIA

SCENE: *A comfortable literary atmosphere. Discovered a Novelist, a Short Story Writer, and a Bust of Shakespeare.*

Novelist

WHAT of your Art — how does it sell?

Short Story Writer

Immense! I'm doing very well.

Novelist

You're still in quatrains, I suppose?

S. S. W.

Oh, mercy, no! I'm doing prose.

Sonnets have gone from bad to worse —
The market's very dead in verse.

Novelist

Magazine fiction, I have heard,
Has gone to par, — five cents a word.

S. S. W.

Five cents, you say? Well, that's so-so —
I sell for downright sums, you know.
It pays the best.

Philistia

Novelist

What is your rate?

S. S. W.

Oh, that is difficult to state.
I study first my editor
And find how much he's ready for.
How did your latest book progress?

Novelist

Artistic triumph — great success.
Sold sixty thousand, more or less,
Before the leaves were off the press.

S. S. W.

What gave it such a splendid shove?
Historical?

Novelist

No. Mostly Love.
Love is the line of goods that takes.
It sells, my boy, like griddle cakes.
The problem novel's seen its day
And business fiction doesn't pay;
No more the brisk and steady sales
For wonder or adventure tales.
But give 'em Love, and if it's neat,
You'll move from Grub to Easy Street.

Philistia

S. S. W.

I can't progress as fast as you
Selling my stories as I do.

Novelist

A royalty is much the best.
It works, you know, while you're at rest;
And if you have a master hand
To fill the general demand,
The publisher grows confident
And lifts your divvy ten per cent.

S. S. W.

That's fair. I think I'll make a bluff
At turning out your line of stuff.

Novelist

Sell while the market's ruling strong —
It's very apt to slump ere long.

S. S. W. (consulting watch)

It's four o'clock — I'll have to go.
My auto's at the door, you know.

Novelist

Come out next week and see my yacht.

S. S. W.

Thanks!

[Exeunt in opposite directions.

Philistia

Bust of Shakespeare

Lights of Avon and Great Scott!
Do these men deal in coal — or what?
For Men of Letters, seemeth me,
They handle Figures mightily.

THE DISTINCTION OF DASHER

DASHER at college was “brilliant,” they say
Rattling good fellow, the best of his day,
Free with his money and quick with a joke,
'Varsity pitcher and 'varsity stroke,
Lovable chap to a certain degree,—
Prominent Yalcketon Man, '83.

Dasher invented the “yippy-yip yell.”
(Dasher was wild, as he's willing to tell.)
Easily marked to stand out from the ranks,
He was the leader of rushes and pranks,
Twanged a first mandolin, sang on the Glee,—
Prominent Yalcketon Man, '83.

Dasher was chummy with Harry and Tom,
Dasher's flirtations enlivened the Prom.
He had a story and, Jove, it was gay!
No one in college could tell it *his* way
All of the campus *raconteurs* agree,—
Prominent Yalcketon Man, '83.

Dasher's at work for his living to-day,
Hair somewhat thin,— a suspicion of gray.
Dasher's sharp wits have grown plodding and slow,
Adding up figures for Someone & Co.
No one to laugh at his jokes,— can this be
Prominent Yalcketon man, '83?

The Distinction of Dasher

Dasher's old mates have succeeded so far.
Smith deals in copper, Jones edits "The Star,"
White tried for Congress, defeated by Brown,
Black runs a railroad, a church, and a town.
Dasher's one claim to distinction must be,—
"Prominent Yalceton Man, '83."

THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF MAY THE FIRST

PERHAPS it was a primal curse inherited from Adam,
Whom Eve in all her beauty couldn't placate,
When he remarked on May the first: "We must be going,
madam;
Our lease is up, and it is time to vacate."
And so a busy moving-van backed up, so runs the fable,
And soon with Adam's household goods was laden,
With fig-leaves, apples, furniture,—including Cain and
Abel—
And they were off to seek another Aiden.

Perhaps it is a tendency inherited from Noah,
Who spake unto his neighbors disapproving:
"By jinks, I'm goin' anywhar, from Naples to Samoa !
I don't care much, so long as I'm a-moving."
So then he gathered cats and gnats and elephants and
camels,
And stuffed the Ark with zoölogic lumber,
And when at last on Ararat he set his household trammels,
He sent out cards, "Please note the change of number."

Perhaps we merely got it from our grand old Pilgrim Fathers,
Who packed their trunks when spring was in its gay
flower,
Braved Indians and pumpkin pies and other heathen bothers
And called their ancient moving-van *The Mayflower*.

The Probable Origin of May the First

And so on May-day — let's suppose — on Plymouth Rock
they tented,
With tables, bedsteads, kitchenware, and pew-sets ;
They neither rested night nor day until at last they'd rented
Suburban homes all over Massachusetts.

Or maybe old Columbus on his voyages first discovered
May moving in the Caribbean Ocean ;
Or thoughts of new apartments in his restless bosom hovered
When first for islands strange he took the notion.
'Twas May when Galileo said about the earth's rotation :
“The world *do* move !” — howe'er the thought revolts us,
Month of domestic interchange, soap-suds, and decoration,
The world *do* move — and goodness, how it jolts us !

SERVANT GIRL SONNETS

I

WHY am I sad on this delightful eve,
I, in the prime of youth, the flush of brawn ?
Oh, woe ; oh, tush ! our Lady Cook has gone —
Aye, with her bag and baggage taken leave !
She was not fair to look on, yet I grieve
As broken-hearted droops the stricken fawn —
Where are your two weeks' notice, Bridget Bawn,
Which your credentials promised, I believe ?

But patience, Wife — be brave before your sorrow.
(Come hither, pray, and light the kitchen stove)
We'll go and hire another "jewel" to-morrow
From Bink's Employment Bureau's treasure trove.
I'll take my food to-night from your fair hand.
(Don't turn the gas range on like that — good land !)

II

There is no Servant Problem, that I feel,
To any housewife willing to be kind,
To help the Cook, to carry coal and mind
The bell, and when the servant's tired, to peel
Potatoes, and with sweet, unselfish zeal
To teach the housemaid epigrams refined,
To wash the dishes with devotion blind
And help the waitress as she serves the meal.

Servant Girl Sonnets

The trouble with you women is that you
Expect too much for eighteen dollars per;
You're looking for a lady who will do
The sordid household jobs you ask of her,
Without consulting her innate desire.
(Gladys, those mashed potatoes are on fire !)

III

At Bink's Employment Bureau in a row
E'en now I see the eligibles stand,
"Jewels" all of them — the prices they command
Assure their precious values that I know;
But this one's not a laundress, t'other's slow,
The next too delicate to lend a hand
To beating rugs, and adds in accents grand,
"If ye don't kape no coachman, Oi don't go!"

From out this haughty band dost think that we
Can lure one Angel to our humble hearth,
To act as chaperon for you and me
And make our home a heaven upon earth,
To ease awhile our lives with sorrow goaded?
(Gladys, look out! Great Scott, that stove's exploded !!)

IV

Ah, Fate has served us many a bitter dole!
Do you remember Mary Ann McGee,
Who at a dinner party scalded me
And served us pretzels with the soup, good soul?

Servant Girl Sonnets

Do you remember Dinah Jones, whose whole
Life was a blunder, varying in degree,
Who used your Dresden chocolate pot for tea
And brought on salad in a finger bowl?

Do you recall — but why the details give
Of that from which we fain would find release?
Without a Cook, alas! we cannot live
Yet with a Cook we cannot live — in peace.
Oh, for a lodge in some vast forest, Wife,
To dine on herbs and live the Simple Life!

THE AUTO AND THE IDIOT

THE Auto and the Idiot
Came moting on the scene.
The air was full of violets
And odors fresh and clean —
And this was odd, because, you see,
Their fuel was gasoline.

“O glory!” cried the Idiot,
“We’re forging right ahead.
If I had wheels upon my feet
I’d also run,” he said.
The Auto moaned, “It *is* a shame
Your wheels are in your head!”

The Auto and the Idiot
Ran bang into a fence.
“To steering,” said the Idiot,
“I’m giving thought intense” —
And that was odd, because, you know,
He hadn’t any sense.

Adown a pleasant country lane
They journeyed fast and far
Until they spied a gentleman
A-smoking his cigar.
“I’ll hit him square,” the Auto puffed,
“And minimize the jar.”

The Auto and the Idiot

Across the quiet gentleman
Right merrily they sped.
“Pedestrians should look alive,”
The busy Auto said —
And this remark was odd, because
The gentleman was dead.

CONVENIENT

(Members of the Automobile Club of America have gone before New York magistrates and asked that five bonds be issued each member in advance "to avoid the inconvenience of arrest.")

"MAGISTRATE, magistrate, give me some bonds,"
Politely remarked the chauffeur,
"For I'm going to race at a terrible pace,
And, if I kill somebody, sir,
I don't want to hang around wasting my time
In sleepy old prisons, accused of a crime."

"Magistrate, magistrate, give me some bonds,"
The burglar remarked with a sob,
"For, sir, to be frank, I've me eyes on a ban
Which I think it me duty to rob.
So give me some bonds, for I timidly quail
From the gross inconvenience of staying in jail

"Magistrate, magistrate, give me some bonds,"
The murderer said to the judge,
"For I've loaded my gun and I'm out for some fun
And I'm anxious to settle a grudge—
But if I'm arrested, I want to be foxy
And go on a trip while they try me by proxy."

Convenient

So the magistrate, being a good-natured man,
Who hated all gloomy delay,
Just hustled his best to grant each request
And send 'em all happy away.
“For surely,” he said, “it’s no less than a crime
To play fast and loose with a busy man’s time.”

THE PROGRESS OF A PLUNGER

SMITH, the financier,
As a boy worked meekly
In a Wall Street firm —
\$7 weekly.
Manager of house
Said, “You’re shrewd and tidy —
I’ll promote you, Smith.
Move your desk on Friday.”
(Smith resided then
In a cottage pretty,
On a modest street
Out in Jersey City.)

II

Five years, seven, pass,
Smith is still advancing;
Now as Treasurer
Spends his time financing.
Salary’s increase
Tastes as sweet as honey,
For he always finds
He can “use the money.”
(Name of Jersey town
From his cards is hauled off.
Now his address is
“J. P. Smith, the Waldorf.”)

The Progress of a Plunger

III

Now great dreams of wealth
 Set Smith's breast a-riot,
Lots of cash in sight —
 Takes some on the quiet.
Poker, ponies, stocks,
 Then a tangle silly
With a fair but wise
 Actress vaudeville-y.
To the Wall Street firm
 Comes awakening ruder.
Next morn Smith has moved,
 (Residence Bermuda).

IV

Vain is Smith's fond dream
 On the isles to fatten.
Escort comes one day,
 Takes him to Manhattan.
Smith is dragged to court,
 Counsel grows exacting,
Giving problems in
 Adding and subtracting.
Poor arithmetic —
 Clutch of law is closing.
(Smith has moved again:
 Residence now "Ossining.")

ELLIS ISLAND'S PROBLEM

(Due to the bargain steerage rate 4,119 foreign paupers have been landed in New York within five days, with 8,000 more on the way.)

Down the greasy gang-plank
See the motley pack —
Nothing in the pocketbook,
Tatters on the back
Pauper, cripple, criminal,
Halt and blind and slow —
Has Uncle Sammy room enough to give 'em all a show?

Citizens of Babel
Shipped from every clime,
Aliens in look and speech,
Brothers in their grime,
Rag-tag and nondescript,
Mark them as they go —
Has Uncle Sammy room enough to give 'em all a show?

Crime, disease, and wretchedness
Of a hundred lands;
All a world's incompetence
Dumped upon our hands.
Are our furrows ready
Such a seed to sow —
Has Uncle Sammy room enough to give 'em all a show?

Ellis Island's Problem

In our tainted sweat shops
Where the pauper comes,
In our reeking tenements,
In our festering slums,
Shall we add these thousands
To the overflow —
Has Uncle Sammy room enough to give 'em all a show?



THE MORMON AND THE MOSLEM

(A PATTER OF COMPETITIVE POLYGAMY)

I

PEACE be with you ! hear the tale
Told by those in Jaffa Jail,
Told of Fuj ben Alkali,
Honored skeik of Alibi
In the desert Sahara.
Allah, illah, benji, kahn !
Sorrow is the fate of man
In the region of Boukhara !

Harum Skarum Mahmoud Jig,
Known as Fuj ben Alkali,
Dwelt in peace beneath the fig
And the contemplative sky
Of the desert's watered places.
Allah prospered his oasis

The Mormon and the Moslem



Making it a Seventh Heaven;
And his wedded wives were seven.
Passing sweet was the polyg —
Amous state of Mahmoud Jig.

Mahmoud played the pious tabor,
Mahmoud squeaked the pious fife,
Leaving all unpleasant labor
Unto each respective wife.

One could knit and one could sew,
One could knead the yielding dough,
One, unused to household trammels,
Groomed and fed the placid camels;
One wove Orient rugs unique,
(Duly sold as "real antique,")
But the Seventh Wife was set
Far apart, good Mahmoud's pet.

She was trim,
Rather slim,
Eyes a pretty turquoise blue.

Never pettish,
Seldom frettish,

The Mormon and the Moslem

Only spoke when spoken to.
Kismet boo! zembur mul!
Allah sent the miracle—
Bah, bah!



One bright morn as Mahmoud bent
O'er his prayers before his tent,
His attention was arrested by a cleric-looking gent
Black of coat and tall of hat
Who upon a camel sat.
Closely filing in the rear
Seven camels did appear,

The Mormon and the Moslem

Each one bearing on his back a
Faded lady in alpaca.
Quoth the Moslem in alarm.
"Come ye here for weal or harm?"



Quoth the stranger with a smile,
As he doffed his silken tile,
"I am Prophet Smoot McGee,
Late of Great Salt Lake, U. T.,
And these ladies whom you see
Are my seven better halves."
(Here all seven bowed discreetly
As they drew their dresses neatly
Round their rather slender calves.)

The Mormon and the Moslem

“God is good!” the Moslem cried,
“As is writ in Al Koran,
‘Marry early, marry often—
Heaven bless thee, little man !’”

So the Mormon caravan
Lingered near the watered places,
Pitched their camp and lit their lamp
On the Moslem’s neat oasis.

II

Peace be with you! Hear the tale
Told by thieves in Jaffa Jail,
As they squat upon the floor
And their Hookhas bubble o’er,
As the water-bottles purr
With the smoke of nard and myrrh
On the desert of Sahara.

“*Allah, illah, benji, kahn!*
Sorrow is the fate of man
In the region of Boukhara !”

Saintly Prophet Smoot McGee
Called upon the Moslem often,
Broke his bread and drank his tea,
Mahmoud’s pagan heart to soften,
Oft explaining in a wary
Way, to overcome aversion,
How he’d come, a missionary,

The Mormon and the Moslem

For the ultimate conversion
Of the Arab, Turk, and Persian.
Come to lead them all by kindness
From their heathen ways of blindness.

“If you’d save your soul from Tophet
Come to Utah!” cried the Prophet.
“Be an elder or a prior,
Come and lead the Mormon choir,
Learn each doxy, law, and tenet;
Or, as soon as you desire,
We will send you to the Senate.”

But the Moslem was obdurate,
And the words were lost to him.
(He’d an eldest son, a curate
In the Mosque of Ispayim,
So his faith was deeply grounded.)
But he sat surprised, astounded,
When the Mormon’s exhortation
Caused a most profound sensation
Midst the wives of Alkali,
Who regarded Smoot McGee
With a look of fascination
Which the fond but jealous eye
Of the Orient cannot see
Without thoughts of strangulation.
And the Moslem’s gaze grew green
When his favorite was seen
With a guidebook, small but pretty,
Titled “Seeing Salt Lake City.”

The Mormon and the Moslem

'Twas the early hour of prayer.

Mahmoud rose from slumbers snug,

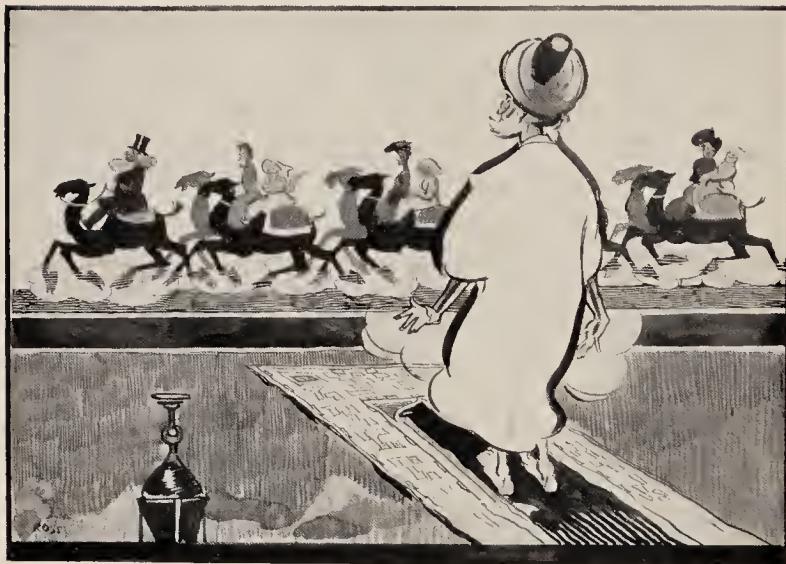
Very neatly spread his rug

Toward the East, when —

Hully chee !

Where was Prophet Smoot McGee

With his wives and dromedaries ?



And, by Islam's golden houses,
Where were Mahmoud's seven spouses ?
Flown away like freed canaries !

Harum Skarum Mahmoud Jig

Known as Fuj ben Alkali,

Stood awhile beneath the fig

With a spy-glass to his eye.

The Mormon and the Moslem

In the distance he could just
See a fading cloud of dust
As the Great Eloement prest
Toward the Wild and Woolly West,
Where the Customs House collects
For such "personal effects."
And his clouded glass could see
In the distance — was it she?

She was slim,
Rather trim —
He was sure her eyes were blue,
On the knee
Of McGee —
Acting quite coquettish, too !

Harum Skarum Mahmoud Jig
Stood awhile with vacant stare;
Then with pious impulse big
Fell he on his knees in prayer.
"Allah, when thy blasts begin
They are deadlier than knives.
Allah knows it is a sin
To have more than seven wives.
Yet our markets are beset
By the Yankee's soft persuasion;
Night and morning we are met
By American Invasion.
Even in Polygamy
Rival syndicates arise —
Helpless to compete are we
With the Yankee enterprise!

The Mormon and the Moslem

Kismet boo! zembur mul!

Allah sent the miracle —

Bah, bah! ”



THE BIRD OF THANKFULNESS

My pious Pilgrim grandpapa,
Dun as his life and murky;
He frowned on mirth and fol-di-ra,
He hated carnal joys — but, ah,
He couldn't hate the turkey!

He loathed a witch with loathing grim,
And oft he'd drown a tankful;
His days were hard and dark and dim,
But when the plate was passed to him,
He'd murmur, "Lord, I'm thankful!"

And so he sat on Plymouth Rock
And like a monarch fêted;
And there he put a chopping block,
Where many a gallant turkey cock
Was soon decapitated.

"For babes," he said, "may go to — well,
A realm of sulphurous savor;
All flesh is base, so preachers tell
But only piety can dwell
In meat of such a flavor.

"And for this day gay youth and lass
May have the Pilgrim's blessing.

The Bird of Thankfulness

Good Brother Edwards, kindly pass
The pumpkin pie and cranb'ry sass —
And help yourself to dressing."

Gone are old Mather's laws of blue,
His garments sad and murky.
The goblins and the witches, too,
He took with him when he withdrew —
Praise heaven, he left the turkey !

THE MOAN OF AN AUTUMN HUSBAND

SHE's been away the summer through at Narragansett
Pier —

It's been a case of clothes, clothes, clothes, throughout the
jocund year,

But, now the season's growing old and I have sighed "That's
all!"

She says she wants a walking suit that's suitable for fall.

It's summer for old Adam's sons to moil and toil in town
While Eve's fair daughters seek the sea to get a coat of brown;
And it is right that man should pay her debts, both great and
small —

Until she wants a walking suit that's suitable for fall.

I've sent her twenty trunks of clothes (or so it seems to me),
And yet she says she hasn't got a costume fit to see,
That she must wait, and that she can't return to town at all
Until she gets a walking suit that's suitable for fall.

Oh, would I were in Eden's bower with naught to worry me
But plucking leaves for gentle Eve from our ancestral tree,
And when the autumn leaves came in, the effort would be
small

To find for her a russet suit quite suitable for fall.

The Moan of an Autumn Husband

Alas for all the rights of men held captive to the town !
The more you dress a woman up, the more she'll dress you
down.
Yet when she's back, you somehow feel it's worth it, after all,
So let her have the walking suit that's suitable for fall.

THE POET AND THE GAS MAN

A POET sat with aching head,
 His fancies all a-teeter,
What time a Gas Man came and said:
 “I want to see your meter.”

“Oh, Gas Man, Gas Man, answer me —
 My lines are long and tractile —
Which kind of meter would you see,
 A spondee or a dactyl? ”

“No doubt your goods are very neat,”
 Replied the churl cherubic,
“I ask for no poetic feet —
 The kind I want are cubic.

“Your method, Poet, has its faults,
 However deep or clever.
Your flowery meter sometimes halts,
 But mine goes on forever.”

“My fair muse burns,” the Poet cried,
 “While soulless magnates lord it.”
“Well, let 'er burn,” the fiend replied,
 “Your meter will record it.

The Poet and the Gas Man

“You bid for fame,” exclaimed the wight,
“In phrases well inflected —
Though monthly bills are all I write,
They seldom are rejected.”

“You have no soul,” the Poet sniffed,
Toward his inkwell leaning.
“The field of fancy ain’t my gift,”
The Gas Man said with meaning —

“I lack that high poetic thrill
Which you call inspiration,
But wait — I bet you’ll say my bill
Shows fine imagination.”

APARTMENTS IN THE SKY

(“There are flats and apartment houses in heaven,” says the Rev. Ezra T. Sandford.)

I AM growing wan and peaked,
I am fading fast away;
But I cannot go to heaven
Till the sunny first of May.
There are no apartments vacant,
I must lease them when I can,
And I have not made arrangements
For a golden moving-van.

Oh, the Future's full of questions
Which the spirit scarce can brook:
Who the angel to tend door-bells?
Who the devil to be cook?
Will old Lucifer obliging
From his gas plant furnish light?
Will they run a dummy waiter
Down to Hades every night?

I can see the angels moving
Up and down the golden street,
Signs: “To Let, Apartments Furnished,
Modern Service, Furnace Heat.”
Angels take the elevator,
Call the Janitor in vain,
Do not like the decorations,
Sniff and go away again.

Apartments in the Sky

There will be celestial grocers
For celestial appetite,
There will be an angel laundry
To "do up" our robes of white.
Say, oh, say, can this be heaven
With its suppositious joys?
Driver, take me down to Hades,
Where I'll camp out with the boys!

A CLUB MEETING OF SOLOMON'S WIVES

A woman's club meeting of Solomon's wives
Was quite an important affair;
It brought a "fresh interest" into their lives
And drove Mr. S. to despair.
They had "deep discussion" on things of the hour,
And argued on topical lines
Till they made such a racket you'd hear them all clack it
As far as King Solomon's mines.

The first Mrs. S., quite a dowager stout,
Presided at three each club day,
When she always began, "Let us try to find out
What Kipling intended in 'They' —
And let's have a paper on Dooley and James
And The Ethical Conscience of Poe,
On Byron and Shelley and Marie Corelli —
Such topics are helpful, you know."

Then a blond Mrs. S. shyly rose to her feet,
And said, showing symptoms of scare
As she fitfully read from a typewritten sheet,
"I haven't had time to prepare —
The man Henry James — I mean Poe — let me see —
I think he was born in the year —
I'm horridly nervous — sweet heaven preserve us,
I've got the wrong paper — oh, dear!"

A Club Meeting of Solomon's Wives

Then a dark Mrs. S. said, with withering scorn,
"How *can* such a talk be presented
When Byron and Shelley have never been born
And Kipling is not yet invented?
We have Hebrew poets as great as that Poe —
Mrs. President, I have the floor —
I think it much harder —" Here the chair rapped for order
And the meeting merged into a roar.

Thus dropping the poets there rose a debate
'Twixt feminine disputants able,
'Midst witty retorts and finance reports,
Till the question was laid on the table.
But when a refreshment committee was formed,
The talk grew as mild as could be,
Sweet quiet returned, and the meeting adjourned
To Solomon's temple for tea.

YE OLDE SMYTHE INNE

“SMITH’S HOTEL,” as I recall, was doing rather shabbily.

“City tourists” going by considered it with scorn;
The rooms, they said, were rather small, the clapboards,
painted drabbily,

Let in too much moisture to be other than forlorn.

William Smith, proprietor, observing this distressingly,
Said one day, “I guess it’s time for bizness to begin;”
Got some paint and lumber out and labored quite caress-
ingly

Making up the antique sign, “Ye Olde Smythe Inne.”

Scarcely was the shingle out than, with enthusement franti-
cal,

Tally-hos and motor-cars came flocking to the door.
Cries of “What a *cunning* place!” “So charmingly ro-
mantical!”

(No one mentioned musty halls or rat-holes in the floor.)
People slept in stuffy rooms and said that they were “quaint”
enough,

Never flinched at soggy pies or coffee pale and thin,
Spoke no word of creaky chairs or porches lacking paint
enough,

Went to town and boasted of “Ye Olde Smythe Inne.”

Years passed by, and William Smith, though wealthy to
rotundity,

Wasted nothing on repairs — but still the people came.

Ye Olde Smythe Inne

Known as “an historic spot”—result of Smith’s profundity—
Smythe’s became a “landmark” and was heralded to
fame.

Finally, when William died, lest vandals might destroy it all,
Some one bought the dear Antique, preserving all therein;
Set a brass plate in the door, where people may enjoy it all,
Labelled for posterity, “Ye Olde Smythe Inne.”

Names, discreetly uttered, often prejudice a jury, oh;
Anything that’s second-hand an audience will win
Through its very shabbiness, if it is labelled “Curio”—
Hence this truthful story of “Ye Olde Smythe Inne.”

A FINANCIAL SERENADE

IF all the earth were steel, love,
And all the sea were oil,
And all the sky were stocks, love,
And Rockefeller's spoil;
If chunks of purest gold, love,
Like pebbles fledged the sea,
What would become of you, love,
What would become of me?

The stocks up in the sky, love,
Well watered would remain,
Till they were tightly squeezed, love,
Then gee! how it would rain.
The steel might set the oil, love,
To burning all about,
But the water from the stocks, love,
Would fall and put it out.

If all that steel were yours, love,
And all that oil were mine,
How long would I require, love,
To grab that share of thine?
In vain you'd turn your stocks, love,
To bonds of wondrous size—
I'd make you sell the earth, love,
Ere you could Morganize.

A Financial Serenade

But all the earth's not steel, love,
And all the sea's not oil;
That's all that keeps John D., love,
From cornering the soil;
That's all that keeps John D., love,
From running sky and sea —
And it's fortunate for you, love,
It's fortunate for me.



FRENZIED FURNITURE

WHEN Gladys went crazy on Simple Designs
She said: "Do away with indefinite lines;
All foolish upholstered devices must go —
Plain, square Mission furniture — massive, you know."
I meekly, agreeably answered: "That's so!"

Then trouble began when a lumbering van
Brought furniture built on a mountainous plan,
Brought chairs elephantine with ponderous legs,
Brought tables like platforms with crossbeams and pegs,
Brought bungling brown sideboards and copper-hooped kegs.

A smoke-colored burlap was hung on the walls;
Great benches like battleships stood in the halls;
Plain, heavy plank bookcases, desks with sharp edges,
Square-cornered monstrosities pegged in with wedges,
And sickly green "art-ware" in deep window ledges.

Simplicity frowned in æsthetical gloom
From every hallway, from every room;

Frenzied Furniture

We sat down to tables our knees didn't fit in,
By angular corners our elbows were hit in,
On chairs too confoundedly simple to sit in.

Like giants about us the mighty Things sat
And bullied and browbeat our poor little flat,
Till pygmied and lost in this wondrous creation
We frequently raised the faint interrogation :
"Can this be Our Home or some new Railway Station?"

Then Gladys awoke to her error, and so
She turned to the style which they call "Art Noovo."
"For Nature," she said, "loves lithe, languorous curves
And tenuous tendrils and swivels and swerves."
I answered: "She does," though it got on my nerves.

So, our brown Mission furniture hustled away,
An "Art Noovo" outfit came to us next day;
A wallpaper figured with lilies and loops,
And cupboards like highly adorned chicken-coops,
And armchairs suggesting cadaverous goops.

On "art bronze" tobacco trays lay my cigars;
Lank, taffy-shaped females on platters and jars,
Long, swan-maiden table lamps, stringy and swirly,
And silver-limbed water-nymphs, coily and curly,
Gave all decorations a flavor quite girly.

One night as we lay in our serpentine bed
With querlicue carvings at footpiece and head,
We dreamed that the bureaus, increased by a million,
Were dancing an "Art Noovo" demon's cotillion
With armies of furniture quaintly reptilian.

Frenzied Furniture

A spider-like chiffonier first pirouetted
And near a fantastic art-curtain coquettled;
A crab-legged table, beginning to caper,
Traced out the designs on the snaky wall-paper —
A bookcase marked time with its tentacles taper.

A horrible chair, in the midst of the play,
Threw up its lithe arms and came hissing our way —
“O murder!” I cried in a cold perspiration,
“O mercy!” screamed Gladys, with wild intonation,
And fell on her pillow in nervous prostration.

Then unto the telephone quickly I ran
And called Dr. Bottle, a sensible man,
Who, giving poor Gladys a quick diagnosis,
Said: “Here is no use for my medical doses —
The patient’s distemper is called ‘Art Noovosis.’

“Remove from your house these delirious curves,
This eel-winding furniture, hard on the nerves;
Some old-fashioned couches and cushions are best,
Some soft, easy chairs where the muscles can nest —
For chairs, after all, are intended for rest.”

* * * * *

And so, from that moment an era began
Of suiting our home to a rational plan.
“For really,” said Gladys, “in parlor and den
One likes to feel human, at least, now and then.”
I feelingly, earnestly answered: “Amen!”

“THIS FEVER CALLED LIVING”

“THIS fever called living,” said Poe, in a vein
Descriptive of life’s ever hastening pain.
The phrase, though poetic, small knowledge displays
Of the symptoms that indicate life nowadays —
So lend me your ears while I tell, if you please,
The way that our citizens catch the disease.

In old Philadelphia, solid and sleek,
Where Sabbath prevails seven days in the week,
Where nothing is heard but the snores of the “copper,”
And clocks dare not run (because running’s improper),
Where citizens yawn while the trolley cars creep,
Life isn’t a Fever — it’s more like a Sleep.

In Boston, where only the chosen may speak,
Where the bartender seasons your cocktail with Greek,
Where the maid that you woo sits Minerva-like frowning
And crushes your hopes with quotations from Browning,
Where the gateway of Heaven is called Beacon Hill,
Life isn’t a Fever — it’s more like a Chill.

In dizzy New York, money-mad with the dicker
Of getting-rich-quick and of getting-poor-quicker,
Where sky-scrapers, stilted high over the town,
Are built in a day — and the next are torn down,—
Where crowds meet and struggle like floods through a chasm,
Life isn’t a Fever — it’s more like a Spasm.

DRIFTING

(WITH VARIATIONS)

As I float
In my boat,
Drifting, drifting from the shore,
Prone I lie
'Neath the sky,
Idly dreaming, nothing more.
In this Fairyland of play,
City's worries far away,
What's the dream that I am dreaming
As I float
In my boat?

“Pork will soon be running high
While I’m here,
And I can’t be there to buy
While I’m here —
And my manager, I wot,
Is a scoundrel, like as not,
And is stealing all I’ve got
While I’m here.

“Heaven knows how much I’ll lose
While I’m here,
For I never get the news
While I’m here —

Drifting

Holy smoke! how do I know
Who's absconded with my dough
And skipped off to Mexico
While I'm here?

“And my partner, Anderson,
While I'm here,
Can he be depended on
While I'm here?
Nothing ever happens right
If I'm absent over night —
Say! I'll bet my hair turns white
While I'm here.”

As I float
In my boat
All my troubles left behind;
Drifting wide
On the tide,
Free of heart and free of mind,
Nature's idle waif am I
'Twixt the water and the sky —
Just the place for idle dreaming
As I float
In my boat.

NATURAL HISTORY IN THE YEAR 3,000

THE HORSE

THIS hairy mammal (stuffed, of course)
In ancient times was called the Horse,
Before the auto was the rave,
That edged him from the turf and pave.
Although he's now a curio
It's very comforting to know
He didn't have the faults that mar
That horseless horse, the auto-car.
He wasn't painted red or green,
He didn't smell of gasoline,
He didn't terrorize the road,
Collide with fences or explode.
But otherwise, I grieve to state,
The poor old Horse is out of date,
Quite useless for our age, of course —
Back to the showcase with the Horse !

THE EGG

THIS rare antique is called an Egg —
Don't poke or handle it, I beg.
That bird, now obsolete, the Hen,
Once gave it to the tribes of men,

The Egg

What is this thing, an Egg, you ask?
Child, to explain would be a task.
The Egg was used and still alive
As late as 1905.
It happened somewhat thus, you see:
Throughout the nineteenth century
The Hen was under contract pay
To furnish Eggs from day to day.
In 1900, text-books state,
There came a walking delegate,
Who told the chickens on the pike
Their plainest duty was to strike,
In anno nineteen hundred one
A hen fruit famine was begun;
In anno nineteen hundred two
The Eggs became so dear and few
That they were sold like jewels, in pairs,
To spendthrift, reckless millionnaires,
This Egg, the last one to appear,
Was bought for the museum here.
Though it would be a reckless treat,
I would not buy this Egg to eat;
For though I dote on ancient wine,
I crave no antique eggs for mine.

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT

UPON an urn of beaten lead
This lengthy epitaph I read:

“Here lies Lysander Grime.
The rules of diet he despised,
He never bathed or exercised —
In fact, he hadn’t time.

“His simple breakfast did consist
Of coffee and a ‘doughnut twist,’
Which hastily he swallowed.

His luncheon it was simpler yet —
Straight whiskey and a cigarette,
And then more coffee followed.

“When summer heat began to rage,
He took vacations à la Sage
By working harder still;
And when he felt a pain within,
He tipped patent medicine,
With now and then a pill.

“In winter time he shunned the air
And took the Subway everywhere,
For fear that he might freeze.
His offices, from drafts secure,
Maintained an even temperature
Of ninety-five degrees.

Practice and Precept

“The thing that killed Lysander Grime
Was lack of proper means and time
To follow mere ‘hy-jeen.’
He worked himself to death, poor man,
Editing lectures — for he ran
A Health Food Magazine.”

BROADWAY IN SUMMER

WITH never a fare to pillage,
The vacant hansom rolls
Through a Deserted Village
Of many thousand souls.

Where every style that matters
And all the tucks and frills
Of milliners and hatters
Have vanished to the hills.

Save here and there a bounder
Whose garments moistly cling,
And here and there a rounder
Left over from the spring

An actor on vacation
Thinks with a hungry smack
Of the Grand Situation
He'll get when Frohman's back.

Yon 'bus-like auto fleeing,
In hues of gaudy paint,
Is full of tourists seeing
Gay Gotham as it Ain't.

They wear a look of wonder,
As much as if to say,
“Why, in the name of thunder,
Are we here, anyway?”

Broadway in Summer

The soda fountain bubbles
In cadence of relief,
"Come in and drown your troubles,
Ye Citizens of Grief!"

The Dago son of tillage
Is mending asphalt holes
In this Deserted Village
Of many thousand sou'

SONGS OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL

THE VOICE OF THE SPECTRE

I

I AM the Ghost of Failure, whom all men shun and flee;
I drive the foolish multitude to strive with panting breath;
The doctor without patients, the lawyer without fee,
The merchant without customers grow pallid when they see
The grayness of my presence,—I am haunting them to
death.

II

And some I mark in babyhood who never shall be strong,
And some I stripe in manhood till they droop and fall
behind;
But some I meet in Arcady, a-journeying along
So merry in the sunlight and the roses and the song
They cannot feel my Shadow. They are blessed as God
is kind !

III

I meet men in the battle when the fires of hazard glow;
I break their lusty lances and I turn their courage cold,
And some I dog in silence from the springtime to the snow,

The Man at the Desk

In waking and in sleeping, — yet they never seem to know
My hand upon their shoulders till they're old, — ah,
very old !

IV

I am the Ghost of Failure, who haunts the daylight gleams ;
The hero meets me with a smile, the coward with a gri-
mace ;

The artist sees me in his paints, the plotter in his schemes,
The king confronts me from his throne or flees me in his
dreams ;

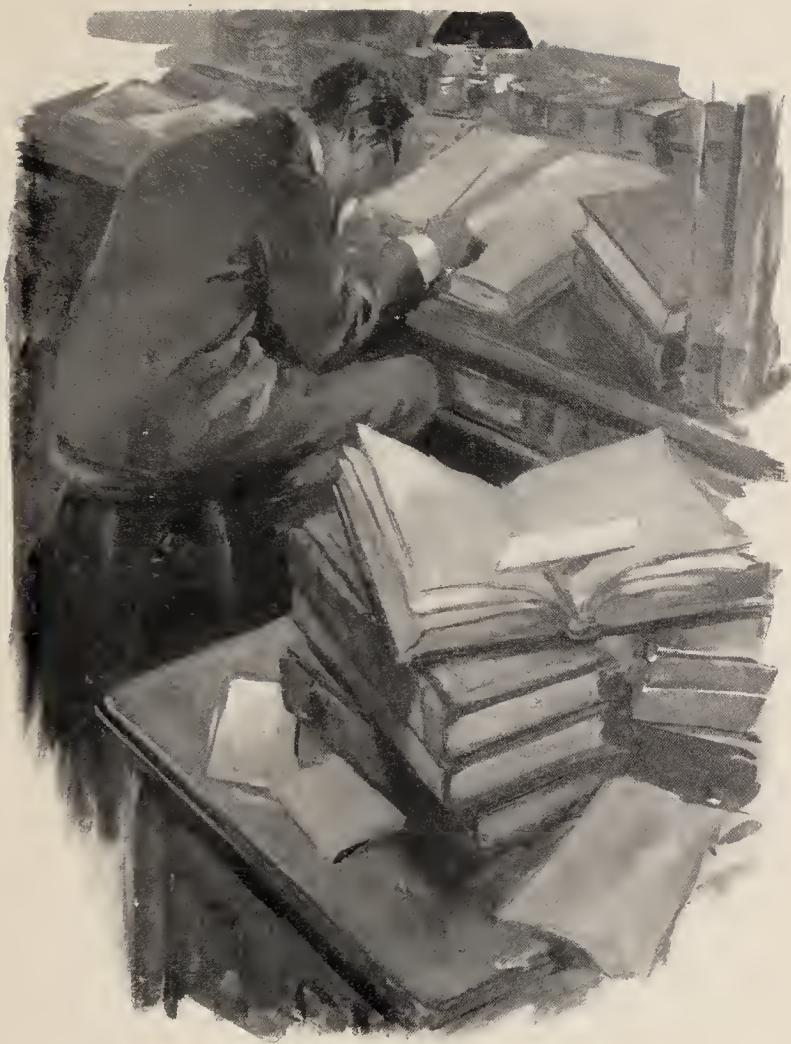
But the Wise Man smites me to the earth, — he looks me
in the face.

THE MAN AT THE DESK

I

THE Man at the Desk has a patient look
As he writes and writes in his copybook,
And he bends his back to the task before
Like a galley slave to his hand-rubbed oar.
Columns of figures he marshals by,
Piled up decimals mountains high,
Which seem to sing to his well-ruled brain
His long, monotonous life-refrain : —

“Debit, credit, voucher, pay, —
Discount, balance, day by day,
Carried forward, interest, duns,” —
So the monotonous river runs.



The Man at the Desk

II

The Man at the Desk with the patient look
Has followed the rule of the copybook:
“Early to bed and early to rise,”
Yet he’s neither healthy, wealthy, nor wise.
Honest, industrious, sober, chained
To his office cell he has long remained,
Dead of ambition, busy of pen,
Adding up figures for other men.

“Debit, credit, remit, amount,
Carried forward, close account;
Daybooks, draftbooks, interest, duns,” —
So the monotonous river runs.

III

The Man at the Desk with the patient look
Has written his life in the open book.
Has charged up Youth with a small amount,
And crossed off Love as a closed account;
Yet bright are the tears in his faded eye
As the column of figures marches by,
Black of ink and with mourning brave,
Like a last parade to a yawning grave.

“Debit, credit,” the bugles play,
“Discount, balance, voucher, pay,
Carried forward, interest, duns,” —
So the monotonous river runs.

The Wrong Girl

THE WRONG GIRL

I

BARLOW might have carried
Something by surprise —
Barlow's gone and married
A pair of velvet eyes.
So they've packed and rented
Somewhere out of town;
Barlow's quite contented,
And they've "settled down."

II

Barlow's loafing habit
Surely needs a spur;
Pretty, downy rabbit,
There's no zip to her, —
Nothing of the battle
Women put in men.
She can pout and prattle
Nicely — but what then?

III

Barlow's Great Idea
Now must go to air.
Surely she must be a
Heavy weight to bear,

The Wrong Girl

To his collar dangling
With her fluff and floss,
Like a courage-strangling
Little albatross !

IV

Other men may marry
Women right or wrong,
Other men may carry
Burdens and be strong, —
Feebleness appealing
To the Greater Man, —
But I have a feeling
Barlow never can.

V

Barlow needs a leaven
For his mind, no doubt, —
What in earth or heaven
Can *she* talk about?
Can her chatter smuggish
Carry zest again
To his lazy, sluggish
Genius of a brain?

VI

Well, let Barlow tarry
With his fate, if need;

State's Evidence

Other fellows marry,
(Other men succeed.)
They'll grow great and wealthy,
He'll grow small and poor,
Shabby, easy, healthy,
Happy,— and obscure.

STATE'S EVIDENCE

I

THEIR stripes around me summer suit,— me number's 83;
It's seven years fer Spider Jones and seven years fer me;
But William Whipple, where is *he*? Oh, married to 'is gal
And livin' quite respectable,— he split upon a pal.

II

The nights are long, the days are long,— we take 'em like
the bunch,—
It's chain-gang to the quarry yard and lockstep back to
lunch;
But William's got religion, so they tells me, wit' 'is gal,
And hollerin' Salvation,— since he split upon a pal.

III

This prison ain't Delmonico's. The tableware is rough,
The beef is like the boarders, jest a little trifle tough,—
And William Whipple probably despises our corral
Since he's livin' free and prosperous,— by splittin' on a pal.

State's Evidence

IV

I can't forgit that window-job we engineered, us three,
How William watched the street fer Jones, who passed the
goods to me;
I can't forgit the fly-cops' game (I think I never shall),
When William got the third degree — and split upon a pal.

V

It's treadmill, treadmill, while we live, and quicklime when
we die;
Yet them in jail has whiter hearts than some what sees the
sky, —
Ther's self-respect in prison clothes, and what us convicts
call
The honor of the chain-gang, says, "Don't split upon a pal!"

VI

Oh, seven years is seven hells, and I'm a-gittin' gray,
And Spider Jones is coughin' in a peevish sort o' way;
But we're a-livin' fer Release, — then William and 'is gal
Won't git no easy-jury law fer splittin' on a pal!

SONGS WITHOUT SENSE

A SONG OF THE ORIENT

IN Alkalim by Aburat

A hoary, holy dervish sat

Upon a rug of quaint design,

Marked "\$7.49."

His air was meek, his hair was white,

His whiskers like a Dowieite,

And as he bobbed his bulging head

I marvelled much at what he said:

"Kismet il allah,

Alkalim.

Zoo-zoo, bishmallah,

Hookah — zim!"

Good Moslems came from Aburat

To where the holy dervish sat,

And listened with a look intense

Of deep, admiring reverence.

And ere they passed they gravely stopped

And coins into his turban popped —

In fact he drove a thriving trade

From those obscure remarks he made:

"Kismet, il allah,

Alkalim.

Zoo-zoo, bishmallah,

Hookah — zim!"

A Song of the Orient

“Great Scott!” I cried, “it seems that these
Are very easy folks to please,

Here is a royal road to wealth
Without endangering one’s health.”

So, spending seven-forty-nine,
I got a rug of quaint design

On which *I* squatted in the street,
These words beginning to repeat:

“*Kismet, il allah,*
Alkalim.

Zoo-zoo, bishmallah,
Hookah — zim!”

And soon the folk of Aburat
Came rioting to where I sat.

One thwacked me briskly in the eye,
While others smote me hip and thigh;
Then swart police in Turkish mail
Despatched me to the county jail,
Retaining as a proper fine
My bargain rug of quaint design —

“*Kismet, il allah,*
Alkalim.

Zoo-zoo, bishmallah,
Hookah — zim!”

Next morning, as I quit the town,
I saw the dervish, meek and brown,
Selling his words like griddle cakes.
“Alas!” I cried, “we both are fakes.

A Song of the Orient

We both have played the self-same tricks,
Yet he gets coins, while I get kicks —

Which shows how people always pay
To hear the actor — not the play.”

“*Kismet, il allah,*

Alkalim.

Zoo-zoo, bishmallah,

Hookah — zim!”

A LIE OF ANCIENT ROME

A SENATOR of ancient Rome

Quite late one night was going home,

With his *hic, haec, hoc*,

As he stumped along the block,

And the moon was on the grand old Colosseum.

Profoundly wished that conscript peer

To hail a hansom charioteer,

With his *hic, haec, hoc*,

As he trudged around the block,

But he didn't have the Roman coin to fee 'em.

At last he said, "Great Cæsar's spook !

Unless I'm dreadfully mistook,

With my *hic, haec, hoc*,

It is nearly three o'clock

And seven moons are shining on the Tiber;

I've looked too much, methinks, since lunch

On Scipio's Falernian punch,

With my *hic, haec, hoc*,

And this walk around the block

Is hard upon a jolly old imbiber."

At last he walked so far, they say,

He passed the noble Appian Way,

With his *hic, haec, hoc*,

And it gave him such a shock

A Lie of Ancient Rome

That he almost dropped his Latin conjugation
When a Pretorian on his round
That rashly roaming Roman found,
 And he said, "*Hac, hunc!*
 If ye haven't got a bunk,
Come hither and I'll lock ye in the station."

So late next day to ancient Rome
That Senator went meekly home,
 With his *hic, haec, hoc* —
 It was nearly four o'clock
And his *caput* seemed too large for Polyphemus.
When friends asked, "Whither didst thou hie?"
He tersely answered, "*Alibi*,
 With my *hic, haec, hoc*, —
 I have travelled every block
Of this bloomin' town of Romulus and Remus!"

THE CARES OF A CARETAKER

I

A NICE old lady by the sea
Was neat as she was plain,
And every time the tide came in
She swept it back again.

II

And when the sea untidy grew
And waves began to beat,
She took her little garden rake
And raked it smooth and neat.

III

She ran a carpet-sweeper up
And down the pebbly sand.
She said, "This is the only way
To keep it clean — good land!"

IV

And when the gulls came strolling by,
She drove them shrilly back,
Remarking that it spoiled the beach,
"The way them birds do track."

The Cares of a Caretaker

V

She fed the catfish clotted cream
And taught it how to purr—
And were a catfish so endowed
She would have stroked its fur.

VI

She stopped the little sea-urchins
That travelled by in pairs,
And washed their dirty faces clean
And combed their little hairs.

VII

She spread white napkins on the surf
With which she fumed and fussed.
“When it ain’t covered up,” she said,
“It gits all over dust.”

VIII

She didn’t like to see the ships
With all the waves act free,
And so she got a painted sign
Which read: “*Keep off the Sea.*”

IX

But dust and splutter as she might,
Her work was sadly vain;
However oft she swept the beach,
The tides came in again.

The Cares of a Caretaker

X

And she was sometimes wan and worn
When she retired to bed —
"A woman's work ain't never done,"
That nice old lady said.

THE SONG OF THE DANCING DERVISHES

THIS is the song that the Dervishes sing
As they whirl, as they skirl, in a magic ring,
 As cheek by jowl
 They holler and howl
 And prance and dance and whoop and wail
 Till their lips are pale,

In the land of the mad Mad Mullah,
 As they caper and kick
 Like Haroun el Nick

In the moon of the Blue Abdullah:

Allah il Allah!
 Do-see-do!
 Yip! Bismallah
 And up we go!
 Bang! Bang!

There was a man in Khoordistan,
A very holy Mussulman
 From the mosque of the Great Malecca,
 Who had nine wives in his fair hareem —
 But he left 'em all in a prophet's dream
 And walked on his hands to Mecca.

Kismet bang! but he perspired,
And when his hands grew very tired:

 “I'll rest a while,” he said;



The Song of the Dancing Dervishes

So upside-down he stood, and thrust
His holy turban in the dust
And slept upon his head.

Boo! boo!
Yip, huroo!

He was a good Mohammedan,
A very famous Mussulman
In the faith of the mad Mad Mullah!"
Sing the Dervishes as they whirl and whiz,
As they jip and jog
Through a maniac clog
In the moon of the Blue Abdullah.

This is the song that the Dervishes shout,
Turning cartwheels in and out,
While the Slaves of the Sheik
Bellow and shriek,
While pilgrims come to the tum-tum-tum
Of the kettledrum,
As long as the daylight lingers,
As they throw fierce spasms
Across the chasms
And whistle upon their fingers:

"Allah il Allah!
Do-see-do!
Yip! Bismallah
And up we go!
Bang! Bang!

In Badahir an old Emir
Balanced a broomstick on his ear

The Song of the Dancing Dervishes

For three successive winters.
Upon that ear his faith he pinned
Till up there came a desert wind
And broke the broom to splinters.
Kismet bang! but he was sad —
Being the only broom he had
Its loss he did deplore —
And so to gain his soul's repose
He balanced toothpicks on his nose
For seven summers more.

Hoo! hoo!
Kalamazoo!
A faithful Moslemite was he,
An ardent, earnest devotee
To the faith of the mad Mad Mullah!"
Sing the Dervishes as they whirl and whiz,
As they skip and hop
And flip and flop
In the moon of the Blue Abdullah.

A BASS SOLO

THE Basso Pr-r-rofund, in evening dress,

He tackles the ro-ho-ho-ho-ling sea,

Boom, boom !

And in subway staccato attempts to express

The mar-r-riner's ag-o-nee,

Boom, boom !

'Tis the song of the anvil, asleep in the deep,

In a dar-r-rk br-r-rown, minor-r-r key,

And he swings as he sings, and he sings as he swings,

To the depths,

To the depths of the

X

Y

Z.

See ! a ship in dis-tr-r-ess, with tattered shroud !

Is none who will su-hu-hu-hu-cor bring ?

Boom, boom !

But the stor-r-rm r-r-rocks long, and the surf beats loud —

While the Basso continues to sing,

Boom, boom !

Lo ! the vessel r-r-reels and is sinking fast,

But the vo-ca-list, what cares he ?

For he frowns as they drown, and they drown as he frowns,

In the depths,

In the depths of the

X

Y

Z.

A Bass Solo

There's many a br-r-rave, br-r-rave, gallant soul,
Who sank with a gur-hur-hur-hur-gling throat,
 Boom, boom !

In the cr-r-ruel, cr-r-ruel sur-r-rge and deadly roll
Of the Basso's lower note,
 Boom, boom !

He's the Stor-r-rm King's pal, and he laughs ha ! ha !

 His mur-r-rderous wor-r-rk to see —

Let them howl as he growls, let him growl as they howl
 In the depths,
 In the depths of the

X

Y

Z.

Oh, the Basso Profundo is r-r-reckless of life
 When he sings on the co-ho-ho-honcert stage,
 Boom, boom !

Yet he's kind to his childr-ren and meek to his wife
 When he asks for his weekly wage,
 Boom, boom !

And it's str-r-ange that this happy, domestic man
 Such a ter-r-rible fiend can be,
When he growls as they howl, and they howl as he growls.
 To the depths,
 To the depths of the

X

Y

Z.

THE SEA SERPANT

AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION

A-sleepin' at length on the sand,
Where the beach was all tidy and clean,
A-strokin' his scale with the brush on his tail
The wily Sea Serpent I seen.

And what was his color? you asks,
And how did he look? inquires you,
I'll be busted and blessed if he didn't look jest
Like you would of expected 'im to!

His head was the size of a — well,
The size what they always attains;
He whistled a tune what was built like a prune,
And his tail was the shape o' his brains.

His scales they was ruther — you know —
Like the leaves what you pick off o' eggs;
And the way o' his walk — well, it's useless to talk,
Fer o' course you've seen Sea Serpents' legs.

His length it was seventeen miles,
Or fathoms, or inches, or feet
(Me memory's sich that I can't recall which,
Though at figgers I've seldom been beat).

The Sea Serpent

And I says as I looks at the beast,
 “He reminds me o’ somethin’ I’ve seen —
Is it candy or cats or humans or hats,
 Or Fenimore Cooper I mean?”

And as I debated the point,
 In a way that I can’t understand,
The Sea Serpent he disappeared in the sea
 And walked through the ocean by land.

And somehow I knowed he’d come back,
 So I marked off the place with me cap;
’Twas Latitude West and Longitude North
 And forty-eight cents by the map.

And his length it was seventeen miles,
 Or inches, or fathoms, or feet
(Me memory’s sich that I can’t recall which,
 Though at figgers I’ve seldom been beat).

THE EDUCATION OF GRANDPA

I

GRANDPA, in a nursemaid's rôle,
Took small Henry for a stroll.
Henry, when the time was pat,
Poked a stick through Grandpa's hat.
Grandpa, at this childish joke,
Rather petulantly spoke.
“This,” said Henry with contrition,
“Sweetens Grandpa's disposition.”

II

Henry stretched a wire slack
Right across his Grandpa's track,
Calling sweetly, “Grandpa dear,
I've a great surprise — come here!”
Grandpa, willing to admire,
Came and tripped across the wire.
Henry cried, “This visitation
Trains your powers of observation.”

III

Henry, with a care discreet,
Placed a tack upon a seat.
Grandpa, with rheumatic joint,
Sat himself upon the point.

The Education of Grandpa

Joyful light filled Henry's eye
When his grandsire leaped on high.
"This will teach you readiness—
Quick response in time of stress!"

IV

Ere this quiet stroll was done
Henry tried another one—
Hit his Grandpa with a can,
Whereupon that gentleman,
Every aged nerve a-tingle,
Walloped Henry with a shingle.
"Joy!" said Henry, 'twixt his cries,
"This gives Grandpa exercise!"

V

When the skies were all a-gloam
Graybeard man and child strolled home;
Grandpa's limbs were somewhat battered
And his modest clothes were tattered
And he leaned upon his cane,
Like a being wracked with pain.
But the grandchild's tone was gay,
"Grandpa's learned a lot to-day."

THE GRAY SPOOKY-SPOOK

THE gray Spooky-spoop is a creature so weird
That he frightens himself half to death,
As he shrieks through the midnight and tugs at his beard
While good folk lie holding their breath;
And he faints dead away till the first dawn of day,
While his blood runs as cold as a clam,
As he sits in his gloom on the roof of a tomb
And thinks: "How uncanny I am!"

Whee! Gadzook!
For the gray Spooky-spoop —
What a cheerful companion he is!
As he tells, turning green,
Of the murders he's seen,
Till his knees and his knuckles are friz.

When the gray Spooky-spoop has a mind to be gay
He does what you'd think he would do —
He sits in a graveyard and groans in a way
That makes all the owls inquire: "Who?"
He tells how his Granduncle Anderson died
Of poison and hunger and fright;
Then he weeps on your shoulder, remarking with pride:
"Come, let us be merry to-night!"

Shoo! Gadzook!
For the gray Spooky-spoop —
A jovial character he,

The Gray Spooky-Spook

As he tells how it feels
To be hanged by the heels
Or shot with one's back to a tree.

When the gray Spooky-spook goes to visit the sick
He then looks especially sad,
As he murmurs: "Tut-tut! change your medicine quick,
For you're looking most frightfully bad!"
Then he reads you a dirge on cremation and chill
And the death-rate from sunstroke and sorrow,
And he sighs as he goes: "You seem hopelessly ill,
But I'm sure you'll feel better to-morrow."

Hist! Gadzook!
For the gray Spooky-spook,
Who's as cheerful and gay as a pall;
And it gives me a thrill
Of delight, when I'm ill,
To know that the Spooky will call.

THE HAUNTED ELEVATOR

OUR new elevator boy got rather impudent one day,
And he said the work was much too hard, considering the
pay;
That he didn't like the wages, and he "couldn't stand de
graft."
So he quit the job, and left his car a-hanging in the shaft.

I was on the sixteenth story when the incident occurred,
But I didn't know the boy had quit—in fact, I hadn't
heard—
So I went into the hallway, and I gave the bell a punch
To call up the elevator, which would take me down to lunch.

So the bell went tinkle down the shaft, the oily cable slid,
And the elevator started, as it usually did;
But when it had reached my floor and stopped, I couldn't
understand—
For the car was running by itself—as empty as your hand!

Long I gazed into the vacant car, enwrapped in study
brown,
When a Voice from out the void inquired, distinctly, "Going
down?"
So I boldly stepped into the cage, which started to descend,
While I wondered, rather vaguely, where this eery trip would
end.

The Haunted Elevator

When we passed the second landing I began to breathe once more,

For the car it stopped abruptly, and the Voice exclaimed,
“Ground floor!”

But I left the elevator with some nervous, backward looks,
For I have small faith in spirits, though I hate the thought
of spooks.

When I told the building manager, his anxious face grew glad.
“Sure! the elevator’s haunted, but the fact is not so bad;
For the Ghost will do the job and never ask for any pay,
While I have to give a mortal kid a dollar ten a day.”

Thus the situation faced us, and of this we made the most,
Though it’s rather skittish business being lifted by a ghost.
Yet the spook was always courteous and prompt to mind the
bell,

And the tenants all agreed he did his business very well.

All this time the building manager he laughed in fiendish glee.
“It is very economical, this hiring spooks,” said he.
But the cooler-headed tenants had premonitory fears —
Ah, distrust a ghost whose salary is two months in arrears!

Yes, our direst fears were realized. Upon the first of May,
When the mortal clerks and laborers were getting of their
pay,

Then the Unseen Operator seemed to feel the bitter slight,
And he went upon a weird and ghostly strike, as well he
might.

The Haunted Elevator

When the passengers were going up eleven floors or so,
Disregarding all the signals, he continued still to go ;
Eighteen, twenty floors he mounted, holding silently aloof,
Till the passengers observed that we were going through the
roof.

Through the roof and ever upward rushed the elevator high,
On an unseen shaft still rising to the regions of the sky,
Till we reached some floor invisible, a mile above the town,
Then the spectre gave a chuckle as he chortled, “Going
down !”

And so down, down, down we started, at a rate to freeze your
blood,
Till we reached the building proper with a most uncanny
thud.
Then we hit the first floor landing, where the spectre gave a
shout,
“This car going down to Hades — here’s your chance to
tumble out !”

So the panic-stricken passengers from out the car all cleared,
As it sank right through the basement and completely dis-
appeared ;
Elevator, cage, and cable vanished from the sight of men,
And I’m positively certain it was never seen again.



AN old sea-dog on a sailor's log

Thus spake to a passer-by:

"The most onnatteral thing on earth

Is the power o' the human eye—

Oh, bless me! yes, oh, blow me! yes—

It's the power o' the human eye!

"We'd left New York en route for Cork

A day and a half to sea,

When Jeremy Tait, our fourteenth mate,

He fastened his eyes on me.

The Powerful Eyes o' Jeremy Tait

“And wizzle me hook! ’t was a powerful look
That flashed from them eyes o’ his;
I was terrified from heart to hide
And chilled to me bones and friz.



“ ‘O Jeremy Tait, O fourteenth mate,’
I hollers with looks askance,

The Powerful Eyes o' Jeremy Tait

‘Full well I wist ye’re a hypnotist,
So please to remove yer glance !’

“But Jeremy laughed as he turned abaft
His glance like a demon rat,
And he frightened the cook with his piercin’ look,
And he startled the captain’s cat.

“Oh me, oh my ! when he turned his eye
On our very efficient crew,
They fell like dead or they stood like lead
And stiff as a poker grew.

“So early and late did Jeremy Tait
That talent o’ his employ,
Which caused the crew, and the captain, too,
Some moments of great annoy.

“For we loved J. Tait, our fourteenth mate,
As an officer brave and true,
But we quite despised bein’ hypnotized
When we had so much work to do.

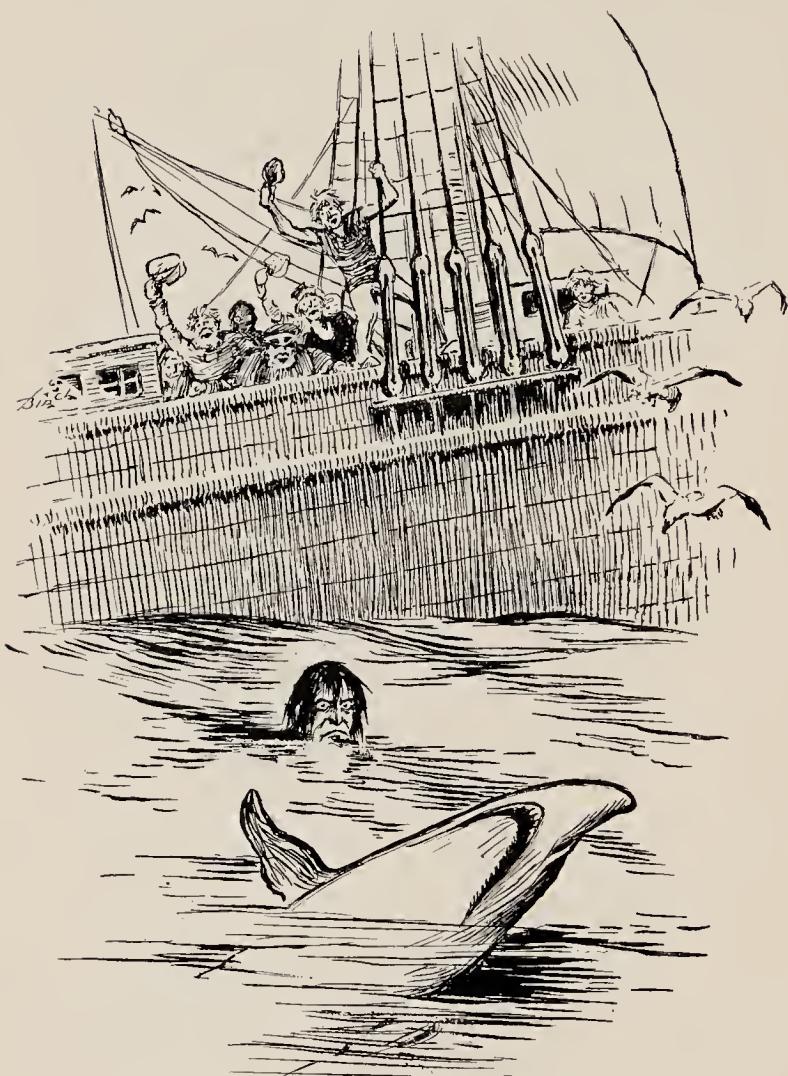
“So we grabbed J. Tait, our fourteenth mate
(His eyes bein’ turned away),
By collar and sleeve, and we gave a heave,
And chucked him into the spray.

“His eyes they flashed as in he splashed,
But this glance it was sent too late,
For close to our bark a man-eatin’ shark
Jumped after Jeremy Tait.



The Powerful Eyes o' Jeremy Tait

“And you can bet he would ha’ been et
If he hadn’t have did as he done—



Straight at the shark an optical spark
From his terrible eye he spun.

The Powerful Eyes o' Jeremy Tait

“Then the shark he shook at Jeremy’s look
And he quailed at Jeremy’s glance;
Then he gave a sort of a sharkery snort
And fell right into a trance !

“Quite mesmerized and hypnotized
That submarine monster lay;
Meek as a shrimp, with his fins all limp,
He silently floated away.

“So we all of us cried with a conscious pride,
‘Hurrah for Jeremy Tait !’
And we hove a line down into the brine
And reskied him from his fate.

“And the captain cries, ‘We kin use them eyes
To mighty good purpose soon.
Men, spread the sails — we’re a-goin’ for whales,
And we don’t need nary harpoon.

““For when we hail a blubberous whale
A-spoutin’ the waters high,
We’ll sail up bold and knock ‘im cold
With the power o’ Jeremy’s eye !” ”

And thus on his log the old sea-dog
Sat whittling nautical chips:
“Oh, powerf’ler far than the human eye
Is the truth o’ the human lips;
But rarest of all is the pearls that fall
From a truthful mariner’s lips.”

A LEAP-YEAR PLUNGE

OH a dreary life it are

To be a fascinatin' tar

And live on land in leap-year when the willin' maids is
wooin',

And it drives me half insane

When I thinks o' Mary Jane

And the way that I rejected of 'er billin' and 'er cooin'.

'Twas larb'rd hard a-lee

That she made 'er eyes at me

(And oh, them eyes was squinty and 'er hair was carrot red,
And 'er chin was rather double,
But 'er nose was built fer trouble,

Which same I often noticed and which same I often said).

And when she looked at me,

I was timid as could be,

Fer plainly she revealed 'er matrimonial intent,
And when I heard 'er feet
Still pursuin' down the street

I yelled, "Policeman, please protect a lone, unmarried
gent!"

"Oh won't ye marry me?"

One day she says, says she.

A Leap-Year Plunge

“Oh that I reelly couldn’t do,” I answers ‘er protestin’,
“Because, ye see, yer face,
Though perfect in its place,
Ain’t what the world calls ‘beautiful,’ but rather ‘inter-
estin’.””

“But say not so,” says she,
“Fer *I’m* goin’ to marry ye.”

I took the boat fer Denmark. She was waitin’ when I
got there.

Then I struck through Russia inland,
Went to Poland, then to Finland,

But almost every station Mary Jane serenely sot there.

Next I jumped an Ocean liner
And took a trip to Chinar,

But useless was me journey — Mary Jane was on the dock.
And when I skipped to Spain,
Lo! there sot me Mary Jane
Still smilin’ ‘er seraphic smile — enough to stop a clock.

But when I struck Gibraltar
Then she led me to the altar.

Me funds was quite exhausted, but me bride was fresh
and joshin’.

So we’re livin’, her and me,
In a cottage by the sea,
Quite comf’table and happy — Mary Jane she takes in
washin’.

NILE-ISM

'TWAS morning on the river Nile
 Along the lotos meres
And the frugal mother crocodile
 Was shedding timely tears;
An Ibis bird her moanings hears
 And shyly bit his nails,
But the merry baby crocodiles
 Sat playing with their tails.

“Our summer homes are catacombs,”
 Repined the crocodile,
“Old Egypt’s pride is mummified,
 And sadly flows the Nile.
And tell me, please, can Rameses
 E’er reign again?” she said,
But the Ibis kind cried, “Never mind —
 He’s been a long time dead.”

“Midst statues stiff and hieroglyph
 Where buzzed the sacred scarab,
Where Cleopat in state once sat
 Now squats the greasy Arab.
The jackal rooms in Cheops’s tombs —
 I hope you catch my point?”
“Oh yes indeed!” the bird agreed,
 “The times are out of joint.”

Nile-ism

“The sacred reed has gone to seed —
O last, O bitter cup !”

(In this brief pause she oped her jaws
And chewed the Ibis up.)

“O bitter end, most cherished friend !”
She cried with broken wails,
But the merry little crocodiles
Sat playing with their tails.

SCIENCE FOR THE YOUNG

THOUGHTFUL little Willie Frazer
Carved his name with father's razor;
Father, unaware of trouble,
Used the blade to shave his stubble.
Father cut himself severely,
Which pleased little Willie dearly —
“I have fixed my father's razor
So it cuts!” said Willie Frazer.

Mamie often wondered why
Acids trouble alkali —
Mamie, in a manner placid,
Fed the cat boracic acid,
Whereupon the cat grew frantic,
Executing many an antic,
“Ah!” cried Mamie, overjoyed,
“Pussy is an alkaloid!”

Arthur with a lighted taper
Touched the fire to grandpa's paper.
Grandpa leaped a foot or higher,
Dropped the sheet and shouted “Fire!”
Arthur, wrapped in contemplation,
Viewed the scene of conflagration.
“This,” he said, “confirms my notion —
Heat creates both light and motion.”

Science for the Young

Wee, experimental Nina
Dropped her mother's Dresden china
From a seventh-story casement,
Smashing, crashing to the basement.
Nina, somewhat apprehensive,
Said: "This china is expensive,
Yet it proves by demonstration
Newton's law of gravitation."

AN ARABIAN NIGHTMARE

O THE Caliph-rum-Boodle, of Swilliking Swoo,
Lived a quiet and peaceable life,
For he vowed that each morning these things he would do:
He'd read from the Koran a chapter or two,
Then murder his favorite wife.

So, being a tidy, methodical soul,
He made early rising his pride,
When, sipping his coffee and nibbling a roll
And reading a text from his favorite scroll,
He'd summon his favorite bride.

“Come hither, come hither, my favorite wife,
And fear not the words that I say,
But kindly deliver my favorite knife”—
But the favorite wife answered, “Not on your life!”
(For that was her favorite way.)

“But why dost thou cavil, my soul's own delight,
When my first morning's task I would do?”
“I claim,” she would answer, “my favorite right;
To spin, in the mode of Arabian Night,
Your favorite story to you.”

“Make haste!” he would answer, “Remember it's Monday.”

Whereat the fair lady began,
“There once was a Princess of Salamagundi

An Arabian Nightmare

Named Kali Alisha ben Zoozu el Sundi,
Her father the King of Gazan.

“The Princess had suitors and lovers a score,
But none she could easily pick —”

(Here the lady her story related no more
For the Caliph of Swoo was beginning to snore --
For that was his favorite trick.)

And when from his slumbers at length he arose,
Untroubled his peaceable brow,
As he asked the chief eunuch to powder his nose,
And it was delightfully safe to suppose
That he had forgotten his vow.

For, being the kindest and gentlest of men,
Through long years of plenty ruled he,
And the people of Swoo mourned unceasingly when
He died at the age of one hundred and ten,
And his wife at one hundred and three.

ADOLPHUS AND THE LION

ADOLPHUS was a thoughtful child
Who acted as he should,
Self-sacrificing, meek, and mild,
And full of impulse good.



One day when he was eating pie
Beneath the forest tree

Adolphus and the Lion

A timid Lion passing by
The gentle child did see.

“Adolphus, I am hungeree
And rather faint am I.
Pray be so good as give to me
A morsel of your pie.”

“I’m very glad you told me so,”
Adolphus said, well pleased.
“Twill be reward enough to know
Your appetite’s appeased.”

The Lion ate Adolphus’ pie
With all politeness due,
Then pausing with a grateful sigh
He ate Adolphus too.

Then rising with a thankful roar
He sauntered down the plain—
A stronger, better Lion for
Adolphus’ deed humane.

Herein their lies a moral sweet
Which all who read may find:
Be generous to those you meet—
To animals be kind.

THE SONG OF THE SPOOKY SHIP

A HAUNTED ship was the *Admiral Pipp*
Of the most rip-roarin'-est sort,
And me tale is true as the day is long,
And true as the night is short.

Captain Dave was her skipper brave,
A ruffy old, bluffy old tar
Who swigged his gin from a biscuit tin,
For a curious cove he war.

But after dark on that haunted bark
Ye could hear 'em gibber and squeak,
Ye could hear 'em moan, ye could hear 'em groan,
From the keel to the topmost peak.

And one was the ha'ant of a bos'n gaunt,
And one of a sailor stout
And they'd dance all night by the for'ard light
And stand on ther heads and shout.

So one fine night the bos'n white
His gobulun whistle blew
And, blow me blow ! from the watch below
He summoned a ghostly crew !

And they started to dance and they started to prance
All over that ha'anted gig

The Song of the Spooky Ship

With a horrid sound of “All hands round!”
To a sort of a cake-walk jig.

Now Capting Dave, (he sure *was* brave!)
He watched 'em foolin' awhile,
Then he says to me, “I've a great idee
To handle them spooks in style.”

So to them he said, “Because ye're dead
Ye haven't no claim to shirk;
If ye're goin' to lark on *this* ha'anted bark,
Ye've got to git in and work.”

So he put a spook to helpin' the cook
And he put a spook at the wheel
And other shades at various trades
He set with a will of steel.

And ghostly tars at the masts and spars
He set to reefin' the sail,
While one poor spec' was a-swabbin' the deck
With a sort of a spectral wail.

So three days long that wraithy throng
Worked on — 'twas a right good joke
And us o' the crew with nothin' to do
But lay in our bunks and smoke.

But the third dark night them mariners white
They spoke to the capting thus:—
“We're a-goin' to skip this turribul ship
Fer the hours is too long, fer us.”

The Song of the Spooky Ship

So presto, whist! straight into the mist
Faded that graveyard corps;
Jest vanished away, and up to this day
They've never been heard of more.

“Fer it's surely best that a ghost should rest,”
As I says to the captin's clerk,
“Sperrits and spooks is great in books,
But a little mite shy o' work.”

GOOD GUNNERY

A-smoking a pipe of tobacky

On a water-logged wreck of a spar,

I met an itinerant Jacky,

A wondering, pondering tar

Who said: "Ye'd be blowed, if ye guessed, if ye knowed,

What a wonderful person I are.

"When I went to work for the navy,

Ther' wasn't none better nor me.

I sent forty vessels to Davy,

And scart all the fleets from the sea,

The trick bein' done with a forty-pound gun

On the battleship *Lily McGee*.

"The captin' was proud o' me prowess,

And I wa'n't *ashamed* o' me skill,

Fer some tricks I done I allow is

The talk o' the water-front still —

Such as shootin' the eye from a bluebottle fly

Miles away on a kingfisher's bill.

"And oncen when a battle was ragin',

(We fought about three times a day),

The captin' in accents engagin'

Said, 'Willum,' — that's me, — 'step this way!

Be so good as to snipe out the admiral's pipe

On the bridge of his flagship *Bombay*.'

Good Gunnery

“So I answered, ‘Aye, aye!’ fresh and breezy,
Then aimed forty pound o’ cold lead,
Which whizzed by the admiral easy,
And sniped out ’is pipe as it sped;
But I’m loath to repeat that the shot was *too* neat,
For it blowed off the admiral’s head.

“Then the captaining took paper and wrote it,
‘Soorender — acknarlidge defeat.’
This I put in me gun, and I shot it
Straight into the enemy’s fleet —
I landed that note in the commodore’s boat,
Where it lay at the commodore’s feet.

“So the enemy, pale with emotion,
Immejut the’r colors they lowered,
‘For,’ they says, ‘we’ve the greatest devotion
To war; but we couldn’t afford
To fall in the grip of a murderous ship
With Willum the Gunner aboard.’

“Then the captaining he wished to promote me,
But, ‘No,’ I replies, with a sob;
‘Ambition would only denote me
A selfish, ongenerous snob.’
And this, as you see, is the reason I be
A-loafin’ here out of a job.”

TRADE WINDS

I STOOD one day by the breezy bay
A-watchin' the ships go by,
When a tired tar said with a shake of his head:
"I wisht I could tell a lie!"

"I've saw some sights as would jigger yer lights,
And they've jiggered me own in sooth,
But I ain't wuth a darn at a-spinnin' a yarn
What wanders away from the truth.

"We was out on the gig, the *Riggajig*,
Jest a mile and a half to sea,
When Capting Snook, with a troubled look,
He came and he says to me:—

"O Bos'n Smith, make haste forthwith
And hemstitch the for'ard sail;
Accordeon pleat the dory sheet,
For'there's going to be a gale.'

"I straightway did as the capting bid —
No sooner the job was through
Than the North wind *whoof!* bounced over the roof
And murderin' lights she blew !

"She blew the tars right off o' the spars,
And the spars right off o' the mast,

Trade Winds

And sails and pails and anchors and nails
Flew by on the wings o' the blast.

“Then the galley shook as she blew our cook
Straight out o' the porthole glim,
While pots and pans and kettles and cans
Went clatterin’ after him.

“She blew the fire from our gallant stove
And the coal from our gallant bin,
Then she whistled apace past the captin’s face
And blew the beard off his chin !

“‘O wizzle me dead !’ the captin said
(And the words blew out of his mouth),
‘We’re lost, I fear, if the wind don’t veer
And blow awhile from the South.’

“And, wizzle me dead ! no sooner he’d said
Them word’s that blew from his mouth
Than the wind switched round with a hurricane sound
And blew straight in from the South.

“And we opened our eyes with a wild surprise, . . .
And never a word to say —
For in changin’ her tack the wind blew back
The things that she’d blew away !

“She blew the tars back onto the spars,
And the spars back onto the mast;
Back flew the pails and the sails and the nails
Which into the ship stuck fast.

Trade Winds

“And 'fore we could look she blew the cook
Straight into the galley coop;
Back dropped the pans and the kettles and cans
Without even spillin' the soup.

“She blew the fire back into the stove
Where it burned in its proper place —
And we all of us cheered as she blew the beard
Back onto the captin's face!

“There's more o' me tale,”
Said the sailor hale,
“As would jigger yer lights in sooth;
But I ain't wuth a darn
At a-spinnin' a yarn
What wanders away from the truth.”

GODS AND LITTLE FISHES

WHO'S ZOO IN AMERICA

WILLIAM ALSO-RAN-DOLPH HEARST

WILLIE runs a supplement which always beats the news;
Willie runs for President, with nothing much to lose—



Willie's always running, whether by request or not.
Whenever there's a vacancy, it's Willie-on-the-Spot.

*Frisky Willie, risky Willie, feverish for speed,
Prints a rapid journal, so that he who runs may read.*

William Also-ran-dolph Hearst

Willie runs for Governor quite regular of late,
Willie runs the Government (or tries at any rate).
Willie looks on Politics with serious intent,
As a sort of annex to his Comic Supplement.

*Willing Willie, wanton Willie, can he, will he quit?
Willie's always playing tag — and yet he's never It!*

Willie ran for Mayor once, but when he realized
That he was defeated, he was not at all surprised.
In this land, which (Willie says) by grafters is accursed,
Almost everybody has defeated Willie Hearst.

*Dreaming Willie, scheming Willie, hitting of the pipe;
He's one type of journalist — his Journal's mostly type.*

When he saw that Puddles were the topics of the hour
Willie got a Muck-Rake of a hundred-donkey power,
Started up a geyser, shrilly shrieking all the time:
“Don’t you touch my mud ! I’ve got a scoop on this here
slime !”

*Frantic Willie, antic Willie, always on the jump,
Willie found the Muck-Rake slow, and so he bought a pump.*

Brimstone is to Willie quite the mildest of emulsions —
Dowie multiplied by fits and Lawson in convulsions;
Any great calamity that comes the world to curse,
Read it in the “Journal” — and you’ll find that it is worse.

*Bumptious Willie, gumptious Willie, running for a prize,
Keeps his circulation brisk by constant exercise.*

Thomas Fortune Ryan

THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN

THIS splendid type of citizen,
More noble-browed than Dion,
This beau-ideal of business men
Is Thomas Fortune Ryan.—



Philanthropist, half socialistic,
Democrat, money-lender, mystic.

Whene'er he longs to take a street
He needs no manifesto,

Thomas Fortune Ryan

But simply forms a merger neat
And all is over — *presto!* —
Quick confiscation, as he plans it,
Is briefly known as “rapid transit.”

Although Insurance Idols fled
Before the Great Improvement,
And he, a missionary, led
The new Religious Movement,
Still, in the Subway, his vocation
Is underground manipulation.

On politics he also dotes,
Thus oft forestalling losses;
He's much too proud to purchase votes,
And so he buys the Bosses.
Though Parties change like blossoms vernal,
Tom Ryan is the Boss Eternal.

He deals in railroads, gaslight, coals,
Insurance, legislatures,
Statesmen, tobacco, human souls,
Churches and lower natures;
And half the grafts that work to harm us
Are just Consolidated Thomas.

If market rates on men prevail,
There's little need of crying;
So long as Cities are for sale
There's profit in the buying —
Tom owns New York, and on this basis
“Municipal Ownership” he praises.

Chauncey M. Depew

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

WHEN after-dinner speeches shrink to fewness
And jokes are mainly laughed at for their newness,
What will become of Chauncey M. Depewness?
Alas, poor Yorick, how his gags do pall!



Since some obscure, investigating vandal
Into the dark Insurance poked a candle,
The Josh falls flat, the game's not worth the Scandal,
And Miller's Jest Book hangs upon the wall.

Chauncey M. Depew

Poor Yorick! Ah, I knew him well, Horatio;
More fudge than fun, more side-chop than mustachio,
An anecdote that savored of Boccaccio,

An epigram that savored of the Ark;
Who, clad in evening waistcoats smoothly ventral,
Enthused the Nation's brain and heart and entrail,
Pro Patria, Pro Tem., Pro New York Central
(He jests at Whales who never saw a Shark!)

Is this the head that towered among the friskers,
The face that smiled between those weeping whiskers,
Discoursing antique puns to cheer the riskers

Who put their trust in Mr. Brazen Hyde?
Ah, classic cheek and chin! how well you jabbered,
Your cutlass seldom sleeping in its scabbard —
Jests that were ever idle, yet how labored!

While thousands spellbound sat — or ossified.

The gayest dog of all Financial Leeches,
When hungry men applied to him with screeches
For bread, he gave them after-dinner speeches —

Cold chestnuts, when they asked a bill of fare.
By him were want and hunger ne'er neglected,
And paupers by insurance thefts affected
In winter flocked to him to be protected;

They asked for fuel, he answered with hot air.

But now his mummied *mot*s we may entomb, or
Bury in landslides of insurance rumor,
What sexton, pray, would dare exhume his Humor

And show its staleness to the cold, gray dawn?

Senator Nelson W. Oildrich

Though dead men can't protest, howe'er you thwart 'em
And neither grief nor laughter can contort 'em,
Just try Depew's post-prandial post-mortem
Upon the dead — and watch the graveyards yawn !

SENATOR NELSON W. OILDREICH

WITHIN the Central Stock Exchange

(The "Senate" called officially)

Millionnaire Oildrich doth arrange
The brokerage judicially.

'Tis he who bids the Senate hinge
The knee or bend the back awhile,
Or who shall dance or who shall cringe
Or who shall hold the sack awhile.

Millionnaire Clarke and Broker Platt
And Perkins and Depew, of course,
To him discreetly doff the hat
As other magnates do, of course.

The party feudists cease to broil
In this refined community;
The Sugar mingles with the Oil,
And Oildrich calls it "unity."

Here henchmen flock from many a State
Their homage to attach to him
With Standard Oil so saturate
You dare not touch a match to him.

Senator Nelson W. Oildrich

The Nation's progress shall not lag
While Oildrich loves and hallows it;
He says the Standard's like the flag —
The Constitution follows it.



When Justice to the Senate comes
She's kicked from clerk to Senator,
From lobbies to committee-rooms —
Then sandbagged by the Janitor.

But all at once on bended knee
The Senators begin to rest
When sleek old Captain Industry
Drills in with Private Interest.

Charles Warren Fairbanks

For Oildrich says: "In God We Trusts
Are sacredly invincible —
And Heaven help the man who thrusts
His nose into our principle."

And so he stands admitted, salaamed —
How pleasant, as it were, to see
The Public very nicely damned
Through Senatorial Courtesy !

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

To persons not too cynical
Who worship The Sublime,
And dote on peak and pinnacle,
I recommend this rhyme,
To those who care for upper air
And do not mind a climb.

Ye tourists who prefer to see
How arctic mountains fare,
By senatorial courtesy,
Behold Mt. Fairbanks there,
Eternal friz, towering from his
Ice-Presidential chair !

Mt. Bryan, quite volcanical,
Pours lava fore and aft,
And hot air most satanical
He frequently doth waft;
But Boreas shrieks when Fairbanks speaks —
And people hate a draft.

Charles Warren Fairbanks

The Senate loves him tenderly
When leavening the lump;
For though proportioned slenderly
His private purse is plump,
And clear and chill his passions rill
Like water from the pump.



It's Theodore's combativeness
Which weds him to his job;
It's Fairbanks' un-get-at-iveness
Which fends him from the mob —

Governor Samuel Whangdoodle Pennypacker

How hopeless were the barrier
Of snows around the Snob!

But ethics Senatorial
Might easily putresce,
Through certain immemorial
“Committee business,”
Were’t not a fact that Fairbanks’ tact
Refrigerates the mess.

Yet sooner would fierce Kublai Khan
From gory conquest pause
Than Fairbanks, the Republican,
Would mar his Party’s laws.
His faith’s secure — in fact, I’m sure
He’s frozen to the Cause.

Like Thought in palest dimity,
Lovely and high of soul,
He stands in chill sublimity,
Ambition’s sacred goal,
The Ultimate of all that’s great —
The un-magnetic Pole!

GOVERNOR SAMUEL WHANGDOODLE PENNYPACKER

LIKE Noah Webster he reclines
Within his easy-chair,
A-tapping Wisdom’s sacred mines
And culling here and there;
Yet all he finds of perfect minds
Up to the present day

Governor Samuel Whangdoodle Pennypacker

Are Moses, Plato, Socrates,
Himself, and Matthew Quay.

He's written over fifty books —
And some are nearly good —
On Railroad Jobs, Successful Snobs,
And Human Brotherhood ;



And he can speak in French and Greek
On topics of the day,
Like Moses, Plato, Socrates,
Himself, and Matthew Quay.

Governor Samuel Whangdoodle Pennypacker

Oh Philadelphia's Sabbath calm
 Sits on his holiness
Until by chance his eyeballs glance
 Across the Daily Press —
Then pale before his grumbrous roar
 Reporters flee away,
Who took in vain by words profane
 The name of Him and Quay.

Yet soft he roareth since the hour
 When good Saint Graft was hurled
By anger quick upon the Kick
 That Echoed round the World,
And cautiously he goes by night,
 And cautiously by day,
For fear some ripe tomato might
 Be aimed at Him or Quay.

But when again the heavens smile
 And public wrath is spent;
When Philadelphia sleeps awhile,
 Corrupted but content;
Then sadly Pennypacker comes
 Forth to the graveyard gray
And lays a grateful wreath of plums
 Upon the Tomb of Quay.

“O Master,” ’twixt his sobs he saith,
 “When all Cartoonists die,
When Editors all gagged to death
 ’Neath broken presses lie,

Grover Cleveland

Four noble statues I'll erect
With public funds to pay:
The Gilded Hog, the Yellow Dog,
Myself, and Matthew Quay!"

GROVER CLEVELAND

WITH madness of the Party's tongue
And Democratic skies o'erhung
The Sage of Princeton walks among
The clover.

A votary of Pan is he,
Close to the flowers; yet you can see
There lights no little busy Bee
On Grover.

But if, beside the cabbage-stalk,
You linger in your morning walk,
You'll find him nothing loth to talk
It over,
Still wisely willing to repeat
His phrases ponderously neat —
In fact there's still a deal of meat
To Grover.

Unlike the actress grown blasé,
Forever on her "farewell play,"
He means it when he says his day
Is over.

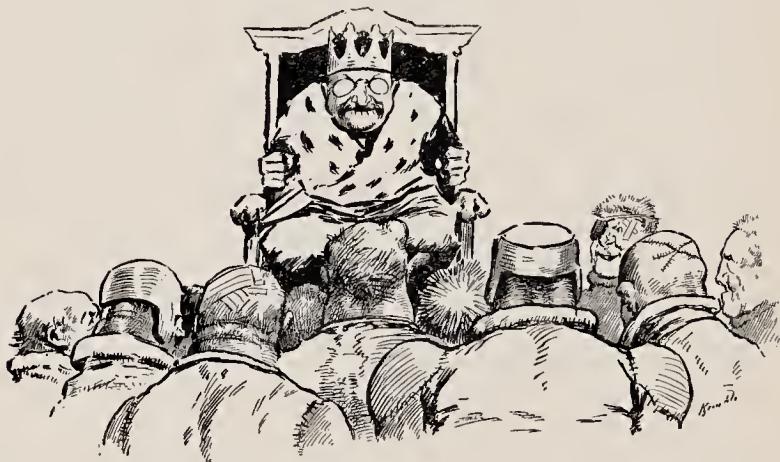
He has no whim to roguishly
Flirt with the jade Publicity —
There's not a trace of coquetry
In Grover.

Grover Cleveland

Yet he can point' a Decalogue
To lead the Faithful from the bog;
He still can call the Yellow Dog,
 “Come Rover!”
Though Age to Greatness oft is rude
“Innocuous desuetude”
Is not quite able to include
 Our Grover.

ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE

“COME here, come here, football play-ers,
Ye coaches wild and tough!
Why do ye slug and gouge and chug
And raise a house so rough?”
So up spake bluff King Theodore
In something more than bluff.



The football coaches up have came
And stood them in a row
With blushing cheek, and naught they speak
Except to mutter low,

Another Peace Conference

“O mighty one, the things we done
We done in wrath, we know!”

Then loud doth roar King Theodore
A-kicking up his feet,
“To snarl and fight and gouge and bite,
Is neither meet nor meat—
To strew the field with vertebrae,
Is this an act discreet?

“Ye call it football that ye play,
Yet this hath no avail—
How can ye play the ball of feet
With fist and tooth and nail?”
(Thrice triply groan the dour coach-es,
Their blushing cheeks grown pale.)

“Tis my command: ye must not play
With teeth and nails and fists;
In evening clo’es and varnished shoes
Go ye upon the lists—
Paste not the foeman in the eye,
But slap him on the wrists.

“Let football never be so rough
As soil a tie of lawn
As spoil the crease upon your knees
Or smear your gloves of fawn—
Be gentle, or I’ll wring your necks!
Avaunt, ye mutts! Be gone!!”

Another Peace Conference

So forth they fare, and Theodore
Sitteth his throne so high,
A Colt's revolver in his boots,
A stab-knife at his thigh,
And with the sheath he picks his teeth
And sigheth a kingly sigh.



THE BALLAD OF SAGAMORE HILL



IS morning, and King Theodore
Upon his throne sits he
As blithely as a King can sit
Within a free countree,
And now he thinks of submarines,
And now of peace and war.
His royal robe he handeth Loeb,
Then wireth to the Czar:—

“Come off, come off, thou Great White
Czar,
Come off thy horse so high!
Send envoys straight and arbitrate
Thy diplomatic pie.”
Then straightway to the Mik-a-doo
This letter he doth limn,
“Come off thy perch, thou Morning Sun,
And do the same as him!”

Then straightway from the Rising Sun
Come envoys three times three,
Komura neat and Sato sweet,
(An Irish Japanee).

The Ballad of Sagamore Hill

Small men are they with domy brains,
And in their fingers gaunt
A list of seven hundred things
They positively want.

Then straightway from St. Petersburg
Come envoys six times two,
De Witty grand and Rosen bland
And Nebotoffkatoo —
Volkyrieoffskygrandovitch —
(Here see the author's note,
“The balance of that noble name
Came on another boat.”)

’Twas on the royal yacht *Mayflower*,
They met, that noble crew.
“De Witty grand, shake Sato's hand —
Komura, how-dee-do!”
While forty thousand gun-salutes
Concuss on Oyster Bay.
A proud man is King Theodore,
Upon that trysting day!

To Portsmouth town, to Portsmouth town,
The sweating envoys puff,
To speak of tin and Saghalien
And eke to bluff and bluff —
But Theodore at Oyster Bay
Doth while the times between
By taking trips and dives and dips
Within his submarine.

For many a day the Japanees
Uphold their fingers gaunt,

The Ballad of Sagamore Hill

And mention seven hundred things
They positively want —
For many a day the Muscovites
Down-plant their Russian shoes,
And mention seven hundred things
They positive refuse.

Till haply from his submarine
King Theodore doth peep
And stops a wireless telegram
That buzzeth o'er the deep:
“*O Theodore, O goodly King,*
The envoys call our bluff —
Despite the fuss the stubborn Russ
Disgorgeth not the stuff.”

“Come hither, Mr. Serge de Witt!”
King Theodore doth say,
“Now tell me quick by the Big Stick
Why dost refuse to pay?”
“Come hither, Baron Kom-u-ra,
And sit upon my lap —
Why dost thou cuss and make a fuss
Thou naughty, naughty Jap?”

To Portsmouth back, to Portsmouth back,
The envoys then do flee,
And each is sad and mild and meek
As an envoy ought to be,
And as they speak of Terms of Peace
Politeness doth ensue —
Like Prince Alphonze and Duke Gaston,
’Tis ever “After you!”

The Ballad of Sagamore Hill

So soon the terms of Peace are signed
And put upon a shelf,
And Theodore doth straightway take
Great credit to himself —
The bugles call and roses fall
On good King Theodore,
As round the Stick the kodaks click
Full twelve times thirty-four.

* * * *

And now when ancient grandsires sit
Within the evening gray,
And oysters frolic noisilee
All over Oyster Bay,
The graybeard tells his little niece
How Theodore did trek
To drag the gentle Bird of Peace
To Portsmouth — by the neck.



JULIUS SEIZER

Cast of Characters

A SHAKESPERIAN TRAGEDY WITH AMERICAN LINES

JULIUS SEIZER ROOSEVELT.

BAILYCUS.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEWCUS,
ALDRICA,
METELLIUS SPOONER,
TOMMIUS PLATTUS,
CASSIUS CANNON,
BRUTUS TILLMANIUS,

} Senators.

} Conspirators against Seizer.

HENRICUS WATTERSONIUS, a Teacher of Rhetoric.

WILLIO HEARSTUS,
BRYANITIS,

} Tribunes.

GROVER CLEVELANDUS,
BILLIO TAFT,
MAGOONUS,

} Imperial Heavy Dragoons.

MARC ANTHONY LOEB, a Funeral Director.

FAIRBANKUS, a Refrigerator.

Trusts, Rebates, Reformers, Commoners, etc.

ACT I

(*The White House. Certain Commoners are dancing on the village green. Enter HEARSTUS and BRYANITIS.*)

HEARST.: Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a comic section that you dance



In misfit clothes without the union label
To indicate your jobs? What trade art thou?

1ST COMM.: Please, sir, I am a grafter.

BRYAN.: Where is thy rebate, then, and railroad pass?
You, sir, what trade art thou?

2D COMM.: Truly, sir, before I became a lobbyist I was a cobbler. I have but recently traded the awl for the haul. Later I exchanged the awl for the oil and took orders from Uncle John.

BRYAN.: By gum, by Styx, bi-metallism, man!

Julius Seizer

You call yourself a Commoner — O, fudge !
Why stand you here with fingers manicured,
Your shirt-studs flashing phoney-looking stones ?

1ST COMM.: Most noble sir, we linger here to see J. Seizer Roosevelt ride the elephant.

HEARST.: You blocks, you dubs, you Philadelphia gas
Whom oft in iditorials I've told
To vote for Me and Happy Hooligan,
The Katzenjammer Twins and Maud, the Mule,
Why have ye went and gone and done this thing ?

BRYAN.: Key down, Bill, please — here comes our Un-kular Unk. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Thunder and lightning — enter BRUTUS TILLMANIUS and CASSIUS CANNON.*)

CANN.: Say, Brutus, may I call you Brute, for short ?
Come, drop that pitchfork — what's the matter, Ben ?
Insulting of the President again ?

TILL.: O, for the club of Hercules to crack
That haughty Ted in his vainglorious teeth !
Or might some Titan lend me his Big Stick — (*A ppause without.*)

CANN.: What means this shouting ? I do fear the people
Choose Teddy for their king.

TILL.: If this keeps up I
must revive the Minor Morris scandal.

(*Salvo without, "Nobody Works in Panama."* Enter
SEIZER ROOSEVELT, followed by MARC ANTHONY
LOEB, GROVER CLEVELANDUS, BILLIO TAFT,
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEWCUS, and other Senators.)

But, look you, Cassius,
The angry Seizer seems to show his grin !

Julius Seizer

SEIZER: Let me have men about me that are fat (*pointing to TAFT*),

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.

Yond Cannon hath a lean and hungry look:

He works too hard; such men are dangerous.

LOEB: Keep cool, Imperial Seizer — he's quite tame.

Look how his toga bags across the knees;

Behold! the bunch of broomstraws on his chin

Proclaims his simple, cornfed origin.

SEIZ.: Cornfed, perhaps; but simple, I don't think!

Come, Conscript Fathers, join me in a drink.

DEPEWCUS: Here is a joke I've often used before:

He drinks hot Scotch who drinks with Theodore. (*A pause.*)

(*Senators stampede after SEIZER, leaving WATTERONIUS and TILLMANIUS together. Thunder and lightning.*)

WATT.: Gad, seh! that Seizer seizes everything —
Canals, the Constitution, treaty-rights —

TILL.: Dog-pasted, gorgon-headed Grand Mogul,
Spectacled chum of Booker Washington,
Gish-whanged, gr-r-r-r-oo, wind-strenuous bow-wow!!

WATT.: Gad, seh! those expletives outmatch my own —
I'll put 'em in the *Courier-Journal*.

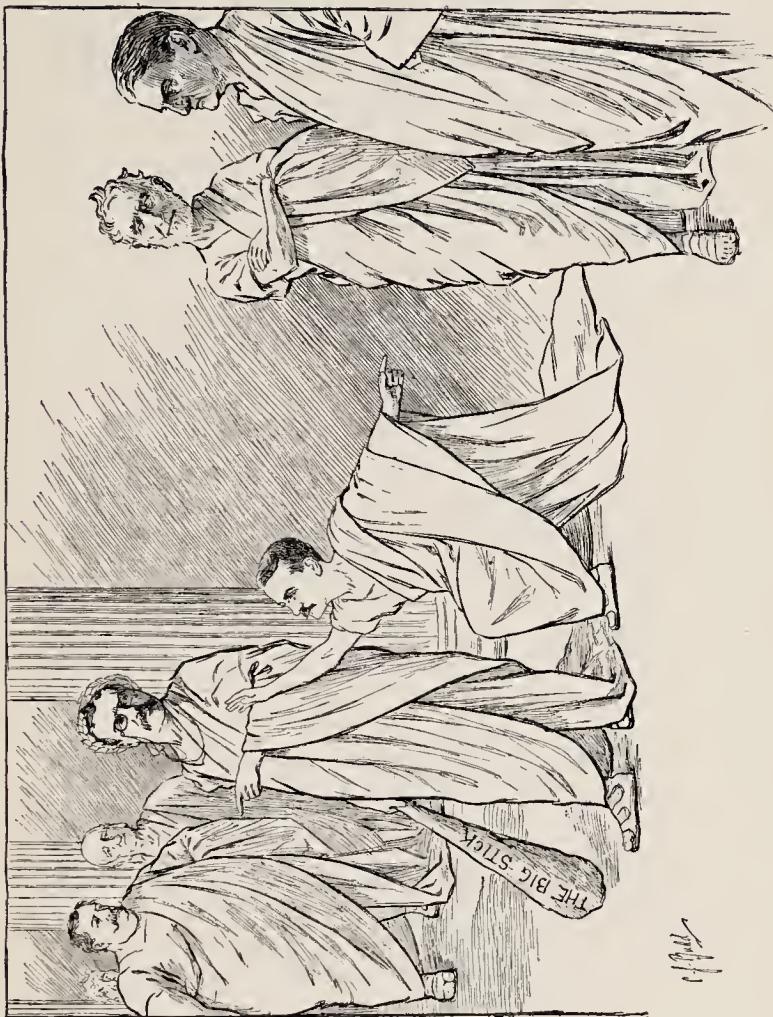
TILL.: Nit!

Those copyrighted cuss-words shall be used
To-morrow in my speech before the Senate.

(Enter CASSIUS CANNON with BAILYCUS. *Sneaky music.*)

WATT.: Hist, friend! I think I hear
The soft stand-patter of Jo Cannon's feet.
How now, Republican! Why limpst thou so?

CANN.: These shoes, the gift of my constituents



Julius Seizer

In South Carolina, pinch across the instep.
This shirt (a Christmas present) doesn't wash
So very well. 'Tis shrunk around the armholes.

TILL.: Thou shouldst not look a gift-shirt in the mouth.

CANN.: Now to our plot, which is politically
To stab Imperial Seizer in the neck.

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods.
I hate a messy job. Let's leave him looking
Quite neat and statesmanlike, and not as if
He'd just been chewed by Colorado wildcats.

BAILY.: Aha, say! let's gag
His Royal Teds
E'en as we gagged his San Domingo treaty!

CANN.: E'en as the Senate strangles any law
Not paid for by the Trusts.

TILL.: Jigger! here comes a cop! (*They disperse.*)

ACT II

(*Executive offices, White House. Enter SEIZER, followed by BAILYCUS, ELDRICA, CHAUNCEY DEPEWCUS, CANNON, TILLMANIUS, WATTERSONIUS, HEARSTUS, BRYANITIS, etc.*)

SEIZER: Now to our muttons — or, to be exact,
The Beef Trust.

BAIL.: O Imperial Teds, permit
Me to present this bill — a bill to regulate
The sale of gooseberries in Madagascar.

(*Enter REPORTER.*)

REP.: Where is my boss, great Hearstus?

HEARST.: Here I am.
Please send the news to all my papers quick,

Julius Seizer

And say that Seizer has been (almost) killed.

REP.: But Seizer hath not yet been (almost) killed.

HEARST.: You inexperienced cub! say, don't you know
That Hearstus' papers always get the news
Four hours before it happens? *(Exit REPORTER.)*

SEIZER: Ah, dee-lighted!

(Enter TAFT, disguised as Chinese laundryman.)

TAFT: Founder of six republics, hail, all hail!
Before our boycott followers from Shanghai
I would present the Chinese Laundry Bill.



CANN.: A bill to raise the tariff on fried eggs. *(Presents paper.)*

TILL.: A bill to dam the Panama Canal. *(Presents paper.)*

SEIZ.: Hold on, sweet statesmen; since ye have not passed
My Ready Rule for Regulating Rates —

Julius Seizer

ALL: O, Seizer!

SEIZER: Hence! wilt ye lift up Olympus?

CANN.: Take that! (*Stabs Seizer with a hickory stick.*)

DEPEWCUS: And that! (*Stabs him with a very dull pun.*)

FAIRBANKUS: And that! (*Stabs him with an icicle.*)

SEIZ.: *Et tu, Fairbanks!* Where's my square deal? (*He dies politically.*)

ACT III

(*A camp in Panama. BRUTUS TILLMANIUS and CASSIUS CANNON are in a tent playing pinochle.*)

CANN.: Hark, hark! what is that jar which shakes the earth?

TILL.: 'Tis William Taft who's had a falling out
With certain engineers.

CANN.: When Taft falls out
Of anything, there's apt to be an earthquake.

TILL.: As Shakespeare says, you have an itching palm.

CANN.: He's wrong again. I have an itching back —
When kind constituents send undershirts
I wish they wouldn't send the hair-cloth kind.

(*Spirit-rappings. Enter SEIZER'S GHOST.*)
Hello! Great Seizer's Ghost — I recognize
Those spectacles which glare like window-panes
Aboye piano-keys. Them teeth, them teeth!

TILL.: Tush, tush! Perhaps the weakness of our eyes
Doth form this monstrous apparition.

CANN.: Speak to me, what art thou?

GHOST: Thy evil spirit, Joseph!

CANN.: Why comest thou?



GHOST: To say that thou shalt see me again in the Philippines.

(GHOST vanishes, kicking over stove as he goes.)

TILL.: O, durn the luck! I thought that Teddy was politically dead.

CANN.: I ruther thunk

Julius Seizer

That he'd bob up and seize another term.
When Fairbanks hears of this, he'll be so mad
'Twill almost melt the glacier on his spine.

TILL.: The wolves will howl in Washington once more —
Hammers and hatchets can't kill Theodore!

(BRUTUS and CASSIUS swallow a *Joint Statehood Bill*, and
commit political suicide. Enter SEIZER'S GHOST, followed by Rough Riders, Grizzly Bears, Colored Troopers, and other stage properties.)

THE BALLAD OF PANAMA DITCH

THERE stands alone beside the Zone,
A-trembling fore and aft,
A man of Fate, a man of weight,
Resembling William Taft.
On solid earth his wondrous girth
Outswells like a balloon;
And by his fame I know that same is
Governor Magoon.

Eleven hundred engineers
Stand forth in sullen fit,
And passing by they loudly cry,
“We’re going for to quit!”
And fifteen thousand colored men
To Governor Magoon
Inquiring turn, just for to learn,
“Please, when will it be noon?”

O, sultrilee and languidlee
The tropic pulse doth throb,
And languid spurt the loads of dirt,
And languid moves the job;
Aloft among the jib-jib trees
Sit ravens many a score,
Who look askance with cynic glance
And croak, “Forevermore!”

The Ballad of Panama Ditch

But, hist! among the waving palms
A Man comes riding bold,
A journalist whose good right fist
A fountain pen doth hold —
Then every black man on the job
Shrieks high a wail of woe,
And Gov. Magoon falls in a swoon —
'Tis Poultney Big-e-low!

"O, Poultney, Poultney Big-e-low,
For very fright I swoon.
Why hast thou thus diskivered us?"
Quoth Governor Magoon.
"O, Mac Magoon, O, Mac Magoon,
Thou hireling slave of Taft,
Lo, I have came to write thy name
And damn thy ditch as graft."

Then backward to his trusty ship
P. Big-e-low doth crunch,
"My Captain hale, set sail, set sail —
We will not stop for lunch!"
And eke he walks the quarter-deck
And mutters in his huff,
And eke statistics he doth write
Upon his milk-white cuff.

At Washington, at Washington,
Where Government doth dwell,
The King cries, "Ha! our Panama,
By all reports, doth well,

The Ballad of Panama Ditch

My broiling toilers moil the soil
Where sleeps the Yellow Jack" —
(Just then the ship of Big-e-low
Floats up the Pat O'Mac).

And Taft pales even to the chin
When Big-e-low he seeth,
And on the shore King Theodore
Pales even to the teeth ;
But Big-e-low outcries, "So-ho !
I spring no empty bluff —
I have the shame of Panama
Here written on my cuff."

"We're lost, Sir Taft," quoth Theodore,
"Unless, ere 'tis too late,
We send a bunch of Congressmen
For to in-vest-i-gate."
So forty tons of congressmen
Of minds memorial
They quickly ship upon a trip
To see the great Canal.

And on the site of the Canal
The grave Committee stand
And chew and smoke and deftly poke
Their canes into the sand.
But ere the hour of noon arrives
Back turns that learned bunch —
Like Mr. Poultney Big-e-low,
They cannot stop for lunch.

The Ballad of Panama Ditch

So now, when haughty engineers
 Grow grumpy and resign,
And labor-fearing blackamoors
 Upon their spades recline,
The tale of Poultney Big-e-low
 Is oft repeated o'er;
But the ravens look at the Canal
 And croak, "Forevermore!"

A LIVELY PARALLEL

AL RASCHID, to tradition dear,
Possessed a careful Grand Vizier
Who kept his letters neat and nice,
Met visitors and gave advice,
And otherwise was useful too —
Like Secretary Cortelyou.

Al Raschid, journeying through the land,
Dropped wisdom's pearls on every hand,
Till Islam, with a deep salaam,
Cried, “Allah praise the epigram!”
But his Vizier just sat and drew
His salary — like Cortelyou.

When delegates of every sort
Came flocking to Al Raschid's court,
If there was anything that lacked
In smooth diplomacy and tact,
'Twas his Vizier who always knew —
Like Secretary Cortelyou.

A hundred poets sang the praise
Of great Al Raschid's golden days,
But few among the singers there
Observed the Man behind the Chair,
Who told the Sultan what to do —
Like Secretary Cortelyou.

A Lively Parallel

But where would be the good Sul-tan
Without that quiet, handy man
To smooth his road, to ease his pains,
To open letters and campaigns?
I'll give the Grand Vizier his due—
And likewise Mr. Cortelyou.

MONROE DOCTRININGS

WE have got our little foot in the Canal,
We have got the languid Cuban 'neath our eyes,
We have placed our index finger on the lazy San Dominger,
And we're teaching Porto Rico to be wise.
We are asking Mister Castro won't he please
Discontinue his piratical campaigns;
Yet the dark-skinned Latin Jingo only mutters, "Dirty
Gringo!"
Which is all the thanks we're getting for our pains.

Here's a bumper to the doctrine of Monroe, roe, roe,
And the neighbors whom we cannot let alone;
Through the thirst for diagnosis we're inserting our proboscis
Into everybody's business but our own.

We are worrying from Texas to the Horn,
We are training guns on Germany's advance,
While we shake the mail-clad mitten at the hunger of the
Briton,
And suggest, "Monsieur, keep off the map!" to France.
Does the gentle South American rejoice
At our fatherly protection from the Powers?
No, alas! the dusky Jingo merely hisses, "Yankee *Gringo!*"
To reward this large philanthropy of ours.

Monroe Doctrinings

Here's a bumper to the doctrine of Monroe, roe, roe,
Which we follow when we've nothing else to do,
While we spend our golden billions to protect the rag-tag
millions,
And I think they're making fun of us, don't you?

HEROES: PERISHABLE GOODS

HEROES are like sulphur matches,
Scratched and lit, then thrown away.
Every Dewey has his arches,
Every Dowie has his day.
Eggs or laurels, shouts or hisses,
For an hour Fame's tributes voice,
Brief, alas! as Hobson's kisses
(Silence, now, is Hobson's choice).

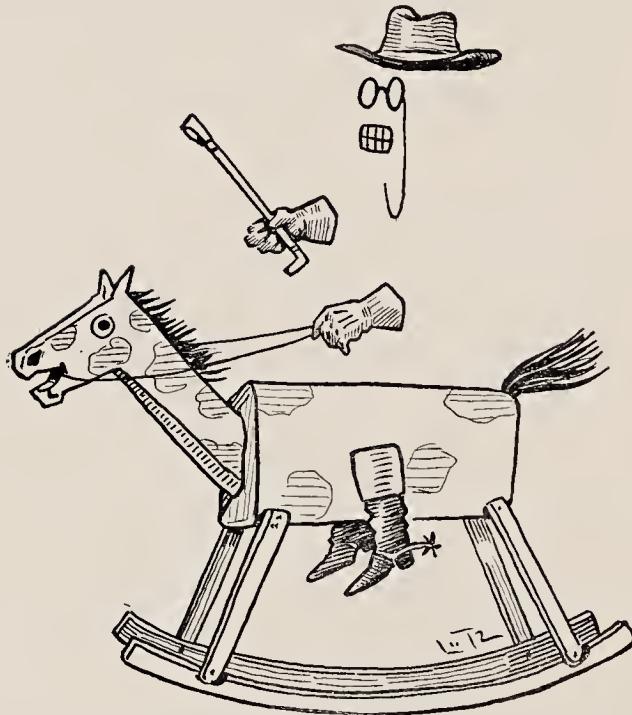
Pastor Wagner, like a stogie
Smoked and spurned, lies on the floor;
Even the Rockefeller Bogie
Scarcely scares us any more;
And already Life Insurance
Hardly fills the public bill—
In the name of all endurance
Can't we get another thrill?

We may search from Maine to Dawson
Vainly in our hero-hunt—
How can Truthful Thomas Lawson
Dish us up another stunt
Painting Wall Street's job and stock work
In a way to wreck the town?

Heroes : Perishable Goods

Can it be that Lawson's clockwork
Is discreetly running down?

Gods financial, briefly risen
To the Seats of the Admired,
Go to Newport or to prison
And are quietly retired.
Gods, alas for your endeavor
To retain the public view —
Nothing seems to last forever;
No, not even C. Depew!



Hero-worship suicidal's
Scarce to be encouraged, sir —

Heroes : Perishable Goods

All these perishable idols
 Disconcert the worshipper.
But while hands of desecration
 Tip each god from off his shelf
We have yet one consolation —
 Teddy Roosevelt's still Himself !

ETHICS OF PIRACY

I WONDER if Morgan the Pirate,
When plunder had glutted his heart,
Gave part of the junk from the ships he had sunk
To help some Museum of Art;
If he gave up the rôle of "collector of toll"
And became a Collector of Art?

I wonder if Genghis the Butcher,
When he'd trampled down nations like grass,
Retired with his share, when he'd lost all his hair,
And started a Sunday-school class;
If he turned his past under and used half his plunder
In running a Sunday-school class?

I wonder if Roger the Rover,
When millions in looting he made,
Built libraries grand on the jolly mainland
To honor Success and "free trade";
If he founded a college of nautical knowledge
Where Pirates could study their trade?

I wonder, I wonder, I wonder,
If Pirates were ever the same,
Ever trying to lend a respectable trend
To the jaunty old buccaneer game;
Or is it because of our Piracy Laws
That philanthropists enter the game?

A FABLE FOR SOCIALISTS

A DEER, a Ploughhorse, and a Snail
Met once in Jove's Olympian vale,

And as the games were then apace
They all were entered in a race.

Upon the scratch they placed the toe;
The signal came, "Get ready — go!"

So Snail and Deer and clumsy Horse
At divers speeds went down the Course.

When Mr. Deer had run a mile
The Horse two rods had paced in style,

While Willie Snail was in the race
Six inches from the starting place.

Now Willie Snail had filled his gorge
With Tolstoi, Shaw, and Henry George;

So, when the test of speed was done,
He cried, "It was unfairly run !

"When we have all our goal to seek,
Shall swift and strong oppress the weak ?

"Coöperation's what we need —
Let's all maintain an even speed."

A Fable for Socialists

And so again the race was tried,
The racers standing side by side,

And at the signal onward pressed,
Each creeping slowly, breast to breast.

An hour passed by, a day, a week,
But still they kept their plodding meek.

The Ploughhorse dozed, the wild Deer slept,
“Go slow!” the Snail cried as he crept.

Great Jove observed this from on high
And yawned and blinked his god-like eye.

“That may be fair for all,” he said,
“But as a race it’s pretty dead.”

PRACTICAL ALCHEMISTS

IN good old mediæval times,
The days of fools and saints and crimes,
The Alchemists in pots and pans strange-looking soups
were stewing.

By these manœuvres, so they said,
They'd make gold nuggets out of lead —
But they were doomed to grief and tears, for there was
nothing doing.

But time has taught us just a few,
And we have learned a thing or two.

The Alchemists are dead, you ask? Nay, nay, my son and
daughter.

For in that magic street called Wall,
In buildings short and buildings tall,
Stand many Wizards making gold from paper, wind, and
water.

I've seen a Wizard take a mine
(Bought for a dollar forty-nine),
A vacant, worthless hole with absolutely nothing in it,
And this he'd mention thus and so:
“The Persiflage Gold Mining Co. —
Come in and get yður Dividends, a Dollar Every Minute!”

These words he sent by many mails;
The dollars came in stacks and bales —

Practical Alchemists

Which shows how every shark that swims finds suckers by
the billions.

He had no money to begin,
He never put a dollar in;

Yet when he went to Ossining, he'd cleaned up thirty
millions !

In simple ages long ago
The Alchemists were pretty slow;

They spent their time with chemicals a-brewing and
a-stewing —

If they had put their empty dream
Into a fake investment scheme,

They would have had their gold all right and lots of doings
doing.

AL HALE SPRING!

(DEDICATED TO A—w C—e.)

O JENTIL Spring, O jentil Spring!
I'm glad that u. r. heer.
O joi! O blis! thar'z no such thing
 Az wintry windz to feer.
Let koal strikes hapen az thay pleez—
When spring iz heer we cannot freez.

O prity burdz, O warbling burdz!
 What soro hav u. now?
(Grate Scot! I kannot spel the wurdz
 That sizzle 'neeth my brow
Sins A. Karnaygy spoyld the rulz
We ust to hav in gramar skulz.)

O April showrz, O buding flowrz,
 Cowslip and fresh blu-bel,
And rozes, too, and pozes, too,
 I won't attempt to spel;
Bekawz if I shud try u. mite
Not rekogniz the flowrz on site.

On every breez thar kumz a sneez
 Of rite good feloship

Al Hale Spring!

By which we no that Spring haz came
And brung with it la grip.
But I must rite my song to-nite
Tho Northern winds prevail.
So joi! I sing to jentil Spring
Al hale, al hale, al hale!!

STATESMEN OF FUTURITY

(When the sleeper wakes in Washington, 2004.)

“YES,” said the New American,
“That happened many years ago,
When we were governed by the plan
Of Webster, Lincoln, or Monroe;
But now we are a Foreign Power
Of many nations nicely blent,
With immigration running our
Good Anglo Saxon government.

“Yon statesman with the wide frock coat—
You don’t know him? That’s Hans von Raus,
Republican from Maine; his vote
Controls three-quarters of the House.
That’s Congressman Martini there,
And Representative O’Toole.
There’s Ole Olesen — statesmen swear
By his world-famous Unit Rule.

“A moment’s passing notice give
To yon dark member with the scar:
Manila’s representative,
Emilio de Malabar.
You ask me who’s that portly gent
Whom they are cheering down the line?
Why, don’t you know the President?
That’s Abraham J. Cohenstein.

Statesmen of Futurity

“You ask for some familiar name
Which you were once accustomed to.
Our times, of course, are not the same;
And Yankee names are rather few.
You see yon poor old codger with
The look of one o'er fond of drink?
He's Honorable Henry Smith —
The White House Janitor, I think.”

ABDUL HAMID: AN APPRECIATION

VIRTUOUS monarch and cautious Saladin,
Heir of Mohammed and Balance of Power,
Poorer than Lazarus, rich as Aladdin,
Satan's left member and Heaven's right bower,
What though the preachers decry your barbarity,
What though the Nations extinction advise?
Let the true Koran extol you for charity —
Abdul the Merciful, Hamid the Wise!
What though we're blocked by you,
What though we're shocked by you,
Sceptres are hocked by you under our eyes,
Yet there's serenity
In your obscenity,
Abdul the Merciful, Hamid the Wise!

Guided by Heaven you scourge the Armenian
(When you need widows to stock your hareem),
Smoother your work than Mafia or Fenian,
Swifter your plans than a Borgia's dream.
You are a problem that calls for unravelling,
Dense as the Sphinx — and as permanent too —
Europe seems eager to set you a-travelling —
Allah il allah, but what can she do?

Abdul Hamid : An Appreciation

Vain is their phosphorus
Aimed at the Bosphorus,
Still your mien prosperous malice defies,
And your solemnity,



Cheating indemnity,
Beggars comparison, Hamid the Wise !

Abdul Hamid : An Appreciation

Cutting and slashing's an ancient tradition you
Learned from your ancestors hundred or more;
Still you may see, when the Nations partition you,
Cutting and slashing go on as of yore.
Allah is great, and the Powers may still juggle you,
Tilting your throne on the balance they prize —
Better breathe carefully lest in the struggle you
Ruin your equipoise, Hamid the Wise !

King problematical,
Yet operatical,
That you're fanatical does not surprise;
What we'd all care to do
None of us dare to do,
So here's long life to you, Hamid the Wise !

THE U. S. SENATE: AN APPRECIATION

AGAIN the great Senate in session
We'll view with a spasm of pride,
Bright angels of Solon's profession,
With waistcoats cut piously wide.
Strong pillars on which a great Nation
May lean with Prosperity decked.
(If you don't admire this ovation,
Pray what are you led to expect?)

Hear all those mentalities humming
O'er many a weighty affair,—
That the Beef Trust may have all that's coming,
That Railroads shan't want for their share,
That the lordly Insurance Promoters
Shall take what they choose to select.
(If this doesn't tickle the Voters,
Pray what are you led to expect?)

There's Senator Hush in the lobby
(He represents Land Frauds and Coal),
There's Senator Rebate, whose hobby
Is Stockyards (they purchased his soul),
There's Senator Tariff, whose thunder
Proclaims he has Steel to protect.
(Do *you* get protection, you wonder?
Pray what are you led to expect?)

The U. S. Senate: An Appreciation

The fact which makes pessimists scoff is
 The fact that the flocks are all geese;
They hurry the wolves into office,
 Then popular interests cease.
When bribes run as high as the steeple,
 And laws come by railroad direct,
If the Senate won't speak for the People,
 Pray what can the People expect?

A RHYME OF PURE REASON

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Proselyte,
Alone upon a mountain height,

Was Pondering upon the vain
Belief in non-existent Pain,

How nervous Dread of any kind
Was an Illusion of the Mind,

When coming down the mountain side
A dreadful Lion he espied.

The Proselyte said, "Mercy me!"
And quickly Scuttled up a Tree.

Next Morning at the rise of sun
There came an Unconverted One

Who saw the Proselyte at bay
And drove the hungry Beast away.

The Cynic said, "Aha! I see
Your Claim has got you up a Tree."

"Your judgment," said the Proselyte,
"Arises from Imperfect Sight.

"A Lion, to a Soul refined,
Is an Illusion of the Mind."

A Rhyme of Pure Reason

“If that’s the Case,” the Cynic said,
“Why show these human signs of Dread?

“Why pass the night, secure from harm,
In yonder Elevated Palm?”

“Friend,” said the Saint, “If you but knew!
This Tree is an Illusion, too.

“When in a Jungle, far from Home,
Where purely Mental Lions roam,

“It puts one more at Ease to be
Up some Imaginary Tree.”

“How great is Mind!” the Stranger cried,
And went his way quite Eddy-fied.

ADVERTISEMENT

WHEN Cleopatra, wise old girl,
Got gay one night and drank a pearl,
All frugal folk cried out, “For Shame!”
But marvelled at her just the same.
And she was right and she was wise
To thus get in and advertise.

When Cheops made his subjects bid
On contracts for a pyramid,
He got a tomb well worth a king
(Though not a very useful thing).
But he was right and he was wise
To thus get in and advertise.

When old Diogenes began
Pot-hunting for an honest man
His chances for success were slim;
But folks began discussing him —
And he was right and he was wise
To thus get in and advertise.

When Dr. Johnson made a spree
Of forty-seven cups of tea,
He surely showed his *savoir faire*
By having Mr. Boswell there —
And he was right and he was wise
To thus get in and advertise.

Advertisement

'Tis sad, but it is true, the same,
That those who fill the Book of Fame
Have left their records, more or less,
Through some tremendous foolishness —
Yet they were right and they were wise
To thus get in and advertise.

Blame not the actress out of funds
Who plans to lose her diamonds,
Blame not the millionaire who capers
To get his actions in the papers;
They've little to immortalize,
But they at least can advertise.

SYMPTOMS OF GREATNESS

'Tis said that Edgar Allan Poe
From classic halls of knowledge
Was curtly asked to pack and go.
If this is so
I'm much like Poe
(I, too, was fired from college).

And Bunyan, when ill-fortune knocked,
His genius no avail,
In prison was securely locked,
His trinkets hocked —
Pray be not shocked
(I, too, have been in jail).

And Epictetus, knowing well
His soul by gods enthused,
His manuscripts could never sell;
By which I spell
A parallel
(I've often been refused).

Nol Goldsmith was a stupid Mike
As all his friends well knew.
I have some qualities which strike
My friends as like
That classic tike
(For I am stupid, too).

Symptoms of Greatness

The faults of genius all are mine
And proudly I command 'em,
An inspiration and a sign
That I'm in line
To live and shine
(Quod erat demonstrandum).

“ PROVINCIAL ”

OUTSIDE New York, in some vague place,
There lives a stranger, outland race
Who bear the infinite disgrace

 Of being called “Provincial.”
Their minds are rudimentary;
They have no God or Tammany;
Their clothing, cut outrageously,
 Is shockingly “Provincial.”

To them R. Mansfield sometimes goes,
And sometimes Heinrich Conried shows
His Parsifalians, for he knows

 There's money in “Provincials.”
But if these artists fail to make
A hit, their worldly heads they shake,
“To show high art's a great mistake
 Among the rude ‘Provincials.’ ”

All but New York is thus effaced,
Chicago is a barren waste,
St. Louis seven times disgraced
 By that black word “Provincial.”
And if her sister cities show
New York a thing that she should know,
She simply lifts her eyebrows, “Oh,”
 Quite decent — but “Provincial.”

YOU MAY LEAD A HORSE TO WATER

DOUBTLESS we are sick with knowledge
And the brain too harshly rules;
Every crossroads has its college,
Every town its graded schools.

And the slums are full of classes
Masked in charitable guise,
Where the children of the masses
May become a little wise.

And the master, uncomplaining,
Moves among the western tribes,
Gives the Siwash mental training,
Turns Apaches into scribes.

While the Filipino teachers
In Luzon and Malabar
Show the little brown-skinned creatures
What the vulgar fractions are.

Yet Apaches get their whiskey,
And their war-paint — when they can;
And rebellion's germ is frisky
In the sallow yellow man.

You May Lead a Horse to Water

And in vain wise words we utter
To the slum-child's tender age;
For the sparrow seeks the gutter
When he quits his tidy cage.

Though the Angels gladly patter
At fair Wisdom's fountain-brink,
You may lead a horse to water;
But you cannot make him — think.

EDUCATION

(President Butler of Columbia declares that the college course is too long.)

ERASMUS SMITH, a boy of twelve,
To district school went he,
Intending, even in those days,
A doctor for to be.

At sixteen he to high school went,
Took physiologee,
Still bent upon his life pursuit,
A doctor for to be.

At twenty-one Erasmus Smith
To college journeyed he,
Intent to take a four years' course,
A doctor for to be.

When Smith's four college years were done
His profs declared that he
Must take three years post graduate,
A doctor for to be.

Then after this Erasmus spent
Five years in Germanee
(This must be done, the pedants said,
A doctor for to be).

Education

At thirty-five Erasmus Smith
 Repaired to gay Paree
To learn the Gallic arts wherewith
 A doctor for to be.

Smith was a man of forty-two,
 And somewhat bald was he,
When he came back to Reubenville
 A doctor for to be.

But nine long years in hospitals
 He had to practise free,
Ere folks believed him old enough
 A doctor for to be.

Poor Smith became discouraged some
 When he was fifty-three,
And wondered why he'd worked so long
 A doctor for to be.

Just then a millionnaire got sick,
 And Smith sent in a fee
Which showed him plainly how it pays
 A doctor for to be.

SONG OF THE UNIMPROVED

If George Ade wrote like Henry James,
And Dooley wrote like Howells,
And Lawson wrote like Andrew Lang,
In esoteric growls,
How difficult our world would be,
How lacking in variety !

If Morgan lived the simple life,
If Ireland's folk were free,
If Newport's gilded gang became
A Quaker colony,
How would our patience then give out,
With nothing new to talk about?

If Melba, like Fay Templeton,
Should dance in fol-de-rol,
If Peter Dailey were engaged
To sing in "Parsifal,"
Would not the game seem new and strange,
A little sadder for the change?

If Russell Sage, in reckless mood,
Gave libraries away,
If William Jennings should declare
He'd nothing more to say,
Wouldn't there sweep across the nation
A certain sense of desolation?

Song of the Unimproved

For we have made our Pantheon,
 Describe it as you will,
And though our idols are of clay,
 By Jove, we love 'em still!
And it would pain us to the souls
 To give old favorites new rôles.

MR. SHAW'S PROFESSION

MR. SHAW's Profession :

Something to shock the wise,
Something to preach and something to teach,
And something to advertise;
Wit of a hectic flavor,
Showing that wrong is right,
Trying to paint the Things as they Ain't,
Proving that soot is white.

Mr. Shaw's Profession :

Making The Bilious pay,
Treading our toes and thumbing his nose
(Which he does in the cleverest way).
Breaking our holy relics
Merrily over the stones,
To cut and slash with piratical dash
At the sign of the skull and bones.

Mr. Shaw's Profession :

To laugh at the sweet and clean,
To flaunt his flams in epigrams
Which he really doesn't mean ;
Mocking at stupid Virtue
Like an impudent Irish elf,
And backing his bluff with a bushel of Stuff
Which he doesn't believe himself.

THE HEATHEN DEVIL

(The Empress of China has purchased an automobile.)

ON the Sacred Central City now a new enchantment lies,
And the image of Confucius looks around and blinks its
eyes

While the Golden Dragon wags his tail in horror and sur-
prise —

For Tsi An's gone out riding in her auto!

All the ugly little idols in the Temple of the Fan,
Who have sat serene and quiet since the dynasty began,
Now are shuddering and whispering opinions of Tsi An,
Who's gone out buggy riding in her auto.

In the courts the stately Mandarins with trailing plumes of
blue

By many a lily-maiden with a number zero shoe
Sit idly in flirtation — for they've nothing else to do,
Since Tsi An's gone out riding in her auto.

No more with past offenders are the royal fishes fed,
No more the pale reformer is to execution led,
And the sly Provincial Viceroy serenely keeps his head —
While Tsi An's gone out riding in her auto.

“Great Scott!” remarked the Lord High Ying, whose in-
dignation grows,

“There's a Marquis to be poisoned and a Princess to
depose;

The Heathen Devil

Yet no one tends to business when the Queen of Heaven goes
Choo-chooing in that heathen devil auto."

Yet every Chink in gay Pekin his lady's skill attests
While corps of pig-tailed surgeons are repairing legs and
chests,

And the Royal Chinese Hospital is full of groaning guests ---
When Tsi An's been out riding in her auto.

AN ADVERTISING “RAVEN”

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered limp and leery,
O'er the gilt-framed advertisements which the Subway
station bore,

As I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tap-
ping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at the Subway
floor—

As of some one cracking hickory nuts upon the Sub-way
floor.

Merely this and nothing more.

Ah! distinctly I remember—it was just about December,
And the “high art” advertisements had stirred up a public
roar;

But the fact which I confess is that I tore my flaxen tresses,
Waiting for those “fast expresses,” which were coming slow
and slow’r—

Flowing like a languid ripple of molasses—only slow’r.
Fast as that, and nothing more.

As I viewed the walls uncertain, like an advertising curtain
Suddenly a crow or something from the darkness seemed to
soar, . . .

With a flutter, quite improper, swooped above the ticket
chopper,

To the bust of Mr. Pallas just above the Subway door—

An Advertising “Raven”

Bust of Advertising Pallas just above the Subway door.

Simply this and nothing more.

“Raven!” cried I, “crow, or turkey, from your lofty perch
and perky,

Tell me, will those advertising horrors ever cease to bore;
Will these boosts for soap and candy, hair oil, theatres, and
brandy,

Find at last entombment handy in the junk-room’s sorry
store —

With the last year’s campaign banners of the junk-room’s
sorry store?”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” cried I, “thing of evil! — you’re a sassy little
devil.

Shall we clothe our architecture in this advertising lore;
Would you nail these daubs of gilding to the Art Museum
building,

Paint a whiskey ad. on Horace Greeley’s statue, I implore? —
Paint ‘Pink Pills’ upon the large Bartholdi Statue, I im-
plore?”

Quoth the Raven, “Don’t get sore!”

As I threw these spasms vocal, the conductor shouted
“Local!”

And I travelled City Hallward with a truly Subway roar;
But the Raven, never blinking, still remained severely
thinking,

On the bust of Mr. Pallas, just above the Subway door;
For the Bird and the Commissioner above the Subway door,

Knew the password, “Nevermore!”

A DRAMATIC SUCCESS

THE tunes were made by Johnson,
The harmonies by Brown;
The “book” was done by Anderson,
The jokes by William Towne;
The scenic job, by Alphonse Daub,
Was posted as “a dream”;
Smith did the tights and Jones the lights
And Hill the color-scheme.



By Reginald von Herbert
The orchestra was led;
Cornelius Biggs designed the wigs
Which crowned each choral head;

A Dramatic Success

Goldstein and Co. supplied the show
With grease-paint and cold cream,
And Pete McGann the spot-light ran
Which gave the star her gleam.

The leader of the chorus
Was little Gertie Gymff —
A perfect dear! — she held a spear
And did it like a nymph.
Bill Sykes was stage mechanic
(We print his name with pride),
And James McGrew, head usher, too,
Earned acclamation wide.
Kahn held the ticket window
And Wilson held the door,
And Izzinger, the manager,
His honors proudly bore.
But one small name, withheld from fame,
Was scorned or else forgot;
The oversight was only right —
He merely wrote the plot.

THE MOB

THE Mob is a monster with numerous legs,
And now he throws roses and now he throws eggs,
And he's always a-rushing with strenuous looks
After lynchings and lectures, religions and books.

A blundering dragon, he lays back his ears,
And when he feels nasty, his cheers become jeers;
But when he feels genial, he likes to enrich
Both Authors and Actors and Artists and sich.

When the Mob has a Favorite none can deny
It's awfully nice to be lifted so high;
But trust not the Beast — for ere many short weeks
He'll bring down his pet by the slack of his breeks.

The Mob, like the jolly old King of Touraine,
First gallops up hill and then roars down again;
Is always emitting his fire, smoke, and fizz
Over some prehistoric old grievance of his.

The Mob has an appetite jaded and high
Which thousands of cooks labor hard to supply,
And they ply him with dainties — till likely as not
He yells for some dish they've entirely forgot.

The Mob is surrounded by folk who affect
To hate and despise him — but, faith, they respect

The Mob

His pleasure enough to employ tooth and nail
For a grin from his lips and a wag from his tail.

The Mob, like the Dragon of mythical art,
Is a wrong-headed, stupid old bluffer at heart —
Just needing a Master in citizen's clo'es
To lead him about with a ring in his nose !

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PUBLIC QUESTION

I AM a Public Question and a little past my prime,
But I've wrestled with some pretty lively fellows in my time;
I'm somewhat frayed and type-worn now, and scarred and
crippled, too —

I guess *you'd* wear a crutch if you'd been through what *I've*
been through.

From China or the Philippines — it doesn't matter where —
Into the light of public view they dragged me by the hair,
And ere the demons of the press had fairly set me free
A thousand editorials were jumping on to me.

The *Sun*, though beaming brightly, teased me with his verbal
chaff,

And E. S. Martin trimmed me with a pungent paragraph,
While Mr. Norman Hapgood, when he came to have his say,
Touched up my solar plexus in his suave, ironic way.

Then Mr. Brisbane, treating me in terms of Hearst and
drink,

Asked WHY do cattle chew the cud? and ordered me to
THINK !!!

Next Colonel Watterson arose and peppered me with lead —
Being a Household Word, I can't repeat the things he said.

When Howells, in reminiscent mood, had caught me on the
run,

The Confessions of a Public Question

An Irish accent blocked my way — alas! 'twas Dooley
Dunne

Who tickled all my lonesome ribs till I must laugh or die
And whispered blarney in my ear — then poked me in the
eye!

Oh, how he waltzed upon my head and whistled down my
spine

And pasted epigrams upon this dignity of mine,
Then called in Mr. Hennessey to view my silly mien
A-wearing of a fool's cap to "The Wearing o' the Green."

I am a Public Question bent with bitter days and sore,
But Fate is kind to ripe old age, and troublous times are
o'er;

So may I creep away to rest a quiet year or two
In some provincial, quiet little quarterly review.

LIARS OF ALL AGES

HERE'S to the Liars who pepper all history,
Spirits too lofty for trivial facts,
Whole-cloth contortionists, dealers in mystery,
Marvellous tellers of marvellous acts.
Think of your Homer, Selkirk, and Herodotus,
Vivid in details that never occurred,
Full of inaccurate statements to prod at us
Gravely dished up as the gospel and word.

Think of the jovial old Ananiases,
Think of the Jonah who stuffed the poor whale,
Think of Munchausen's and Rabelais' biases,
Stopping at naught to adorn a good tale.
See the explorer De Leon's mendacity
Prating of Florida's Carlsbads of youth —
Scorn not the falsehoods that proved their sagacity —
Where would they be had they stuck to the truth?

Seldom has battle occurred in the annals of
Man but the Liar was there with his pad,
Turning the rivers of truth in the channels of
Fiction and fable, diverting though mad.
Seldom has monarch's will gone to the surrogate,
Seldom were nations destroyed or begun
But what the Liar was there to prevaricate,
Tripping high Jove on the yarns that he spun.

Liars of All Ages

Where are the Liars renowned of antiquity,

Blithe with a destiny brave to fulfil,

Making immortal the fertile iniquity

Splashed from the inkhorn and dropped from the quill?

Stanch, gallant souls! stoutly still they are laboring

Far in the East where the carnage abounds.

There, midst the shooting and shelling and sabering,

The War Correspondent is right on the grounds.

BEHIND THE COMIC MASK

SONG FOR A CRACKED VOICE

WHEN I was young and slender, a spender, a lender,
What gentleman adventurer was prankier than I,
Who lustier at passes with glasses — and lasses,
How pleasant was the look of 'em as I came jaunting by!
(But now there's none to sigh at me as I come creaking by.)

Then Pegasus went loping 'twixt hoping and toping,
A song in every dicky-bird, a scent in every rose;
What moons for lovelorn glances, romances, and dances,
And how the spirit of the waltz went thrilling to my toes!
(Egad, it's now a gouty pang goes thrilling to my toes!)

Was I that lover frantic, romantic, and antic,
Who found the lute in Molly's voice, the heaven in her eyes?
Who, madder than a hatter, talked patter? No matter.
Call not that little, youthful ghost, but leave it where it
lies!
(Dear, dear, how many winter snows have drifted where
she lies!)

But now I'm old and humble, why mumble and grumble
At all the posy-linked rout that hurries laughing by?
Framed in my gold-rimmed glasses each lass is who passes
And Youth is still a-twinkling in the corner of my eye.
(How strange you cannot see it in the corner of my eye!)

FROM ROMANY TO ROME

UPON the road to Romany
It's stay, friend, stay !
There's lots o' love and lots o' time
To linger on the way ;
Poppies for the twilight,
Roses for the noon,
It's happy goes as lucky goes
To Romany in June.

But on the road to Rome — oh
It's march, man, march !
The dust is on the chariot wheels,
The sere is on the larch ;
Helmets and javelins
And bridles flecked with foam, —
The flowers are dead, the world's ahead
Upon the road to Rome.

But on the road to Rome — ah,
It's fight, man, fight !
Footman and horseman
Treading left and right,
Camp-fires and watch-fires
Ruddying the gloam —
The fields are gray and worn away
Along the road to Rome.

From Romany to Rome

Upon the road to Romany
It's sing, boys, sing!
Though rag and pack be on our back
We'll whistle at the King.
Wine is in the sunshine,
Madness in the moon,
And de'il may care the road we fare
To Romany in June.

Along the road to Rome, alas !
The glorious dust is whirled,
Strong hearts are fierce to see
The City of the World ;
Yet footfall or bugle-call
Or thunder as ye will,
Upon the road to Romany
The birds are calling still !

WITH A POSY IN HIS BUTTONHOLE

I LIKED to see the way he stepped ; his face was crossed with
seams,

But sprightly as a child's it kept the freshness of its dreams,
Or like a sage, perhaps, he saw the way to reconcile
His gentle living to the law, *We pray best when we smile.*

With a posy in his buttonhole — his brow was bald, God
bless his soul !

But his step was light and strong ;
His jaunty swagger seemed to click in cadence with his
walking stick ;

With a posy in his buttonhole he jogged his way along.

A watcher in the parks he sat. I think that he preferred
The sparrow with his gutter-chat to any singing bird,
As one, in Fate's inclemencies, who did not choose to grieve
Or wear his tender tragedies upon his rusty sleeve.

With a posy in his buttonhole he puffed his pipe, and in a
droll

Young humor passed the throng.

Whom the gods hate they first make sad ; but being blessed
in being glad,

With a posy in his buttonhole he jogged his way along.

And some there went in broadcloth weeds, and long the face
they drew ;

And some there went in shabby tweeds — and his were none
too new.

With a Posy in His Buttonhole

But when he lay with fever parched, and when his light was
spent,

Through the gray Gates of Death he marched, and whistled
as he went.

With a posy in his buttonhole — and where he lies, the merry
soul,

I hope the blossoms say,
“Though Fate, the Charlatan, be vile, let her not cheat you
of your smile.

Pluck a posy for your buttonhole, and jog along your
way!”

IN A JAPANESE GARDEN

IN a garden wee and cool —
Stunted pine and fairy pool —
Tinkling, tinkling now and then
On her carven samisen,
Sighing for the little man
Gone to fight for dear Japan,
Sits the girl, Oyucha San.

Ah, but you were proud of heart
When you saw his troops depart !
Riding like a foreign lord,
Boots and cap and dangling sword,
Demi-god and hero-man
Who would make a new Japan —
Thus he seemed, Oyucha San.

“Good success !” I heard you pray
On the hour he went away.
Should the gods heed, can you guess
What may come with “good success” ?
How his sword may change the plan
Of the silken old Japan,
Almond-eyed Oyucha San ?

Hear the crickets’ reedy tune !
See the lantern of the moon

In a Japanese Garden

Glint the lacquer on the deep
Where the gray carp lies asleep!
Why should armies scheme and plan
Dun ambition for Japan
Which is blessed, Oyucha San?

How the gods may be surprised
When Nippon grows "civilized"!
When the spade of commerce threads
Railroads through your iris beds;
Vanish clogs, kimono, fan,
Vanish beauty from Japan —
Vanish you, Oyucha San!

Progress calls you, so alas!
Yeddo's blossom time must pass.
Soon you'll hear the grinding mill
Shriek and fume on Nara's hill
O'er an ugly, changed Japan:
And for this your little man
Goes to war, Oyucha San.

THE SONG OF THE SAMURAI

THE sword of the Samurai gleams still
In the arms of a new Japan;
Though the knights be dead, there's an ancient thrill
That comes to the fighting man.
Pride of a dauntless nation rings —
Firm is his battle cry —
List to the Nippon host that sings
The song of the Samurai:—

“Though our thews be small, yet our hearts are great,
And our souls, they are souls of fire.
Here's a sword for love, and a sword for hate,
In the war god's hot desire.
Who cares for Death when a passion fair
Gives us joy by the blade to die?
For we'll strike to the heart of the Russian bear
With the sword of the Samurai.

“By that long, smooth edge that our fathers wrought,
On a forge that a god's breath blew;
By that lacquered hilt that the artists fraught
With the zeal that the heroes knew,
Let us on where the northern barbarians fare,
Flaunting their banners high —
And we'll strike to the heart of the Russian bear
With the sword of the Samurai.

The Song of the Samurai

“Though their ranks, like the ocean, may flood the plains,
Like breakers may beat us back;
Here's the blade that shall open our own warm veins
Ere we faint in their fierce attack,
Rather the boast of an ancient lord,
By our own fair steel to die,
Than with shame of defeat to pollute the sword -
The sword of the Samurai.”

This is the song of the Samurai
In the army of new Japan,
Where the seeds of a world-old honor lie
In the soul of the fighting man.
Pride of a dauntless nation rings,
Firm is his battle cry —
List to the Nippon host that sings
The song of the Samurai.

AMONG THE DEAD AT LIAO YANG

He had no quarrel with any man,
He knew not what they called him for;
Yet, roll and pack upon his back,
Ivan, the peasant, went to war.
“The Little Father calls,” he said,
And followed, followed as he sang,
Till on a trampled trench he lay
Among the dead at Liao Yang.

Not his the dream of land and power,
The greed of gain, the dread of loss;
He marched with orders to the field
To bear his rifle — and his cross.
God had ordained it, so he faced
The pelting hail that snarled and sang,
And gave his patient blood away
Among the dead at Liao Yang.

Among the glitter of his court
In safety sat the mystic czar;
Safe sat the scheming minister
Who cast a careless die for war;
They could not hear the shattered groan,
The horrid chant of death that rang
Where unconsulted thousands lay,
Among the dead at Liao Yang.

Among the Dead at Liao Yang

He had no quarrel with any man,
 He had no cause to battle for;
Yet, roll and pack upon his back,
 Ivan, the peasant, went to war.
A minister had made a map
 From which a deadly army sprang;
So Ivan fell, and made no sign,
 Among the dead at Liao Yang.

THE DISCOVERERS

*THE world is growing small and the seas are gathered all
Into the hands of Commerce and the fleets that span the deep,
And the colonies extend to Earth's remotest end,
While the Seekers who discovered them — and if they can
— may sleep.*

At midnight when the merchant ships lie anchored in the stream,

When city's roofs beneath the moon all pale and silver gleam,
When at the wharves the liners lie, by creaking ropes confined,

A strange fleet sails into the bay and leaves no wake behind.

They leave no wake behind, but on and ever on they go,
And at their high and antique bows no signal lanterns glow;
But in the look-outs gray and dim the pale-faced watchers stand,

As, pointing to the sleeping town, they cry, “New land!
New land!”

“New land!” they cry as the fleet shifts by the quays and slips and docks,

The steel-built monsters on the hills, the cluttered towers and clocks,

These sky-piled heights where men have wrought with craft and pain and gold

Since first the wave-tired Seekers hailed the virgin lands of old.

The Discoverers

One looks with Hudson's fiery gaze and landward stares
abroad,

And one, like Serra gowned and shorn, upbears the cross of
God;

Some there are clad in goodly garb like hero men of Greece,
Like Jason and his blood-pledged crew who sought the
Golden Fleece.

And some bear semblance dark and high in glance of fierce
disdain

To the ocean-faring cavaliers who leagued the world for
Spain;

And some are bearded men and fair with girded sinews
strong,

Who row their swan-beaked boats as they lift their harsh
Jutlandic song.

And their eyes outyearn and their eyes outburn to the town
on the moon-steeped height,

As those who have come again to claim the dream that is
theirs by right;

But on each brow and in each eye, as they palely scan the
shore,

Is the look that man shall wear but once and man can wear no
more.

“Our bones,” they cry, “have crumbled and passed in many
a far countree,

And some are dust in a godly grave, and some in the floor of
the sea;

But our hearts have beat to the Tune of the Worlds and
flown to the cry of the West —

The Discoverers

What think ye, then, that our souls can sleep, that our wandering ships can rest?

“For we have traced new ocean paths where none have gone before,

And we have borne the flags of kings on many a maiden shore;

Companions of the sinking sun, hot — fevering for the quest —

What think ye, then, that our souls can sleep, that our wandering ships can rest?

“Year unto year our goblin fleet has slipped from bay to bay,
And a thousand more, and a thousand more, shall we sail
till the Judgment Day,

And your cities of steel shall be tumbled down and the new
on the old shall stand,

But our eyes shall strain through the night in vain for the
thing that is not — New Land.”

*The world is growing small and the seas are gathered all
Into the hands of Commerce and the fleets that span the deep,
And the colonies extend to Earth’s remotest end,
While the Seekers who discovered them — and if they can
— may sleep.*

HOME BOUND

(JOHN PAUL JONES)

AROUND the straits the white fleet runs
With its historic mould;
The salvo of saluting guns
Startles the ghosts of old.
No more to lie with stranger graves
Forgotten and alone,
Again he's on the clean blue waves
With a Squadron of his own !

Earth-relic of a gallant heart,
Dust of the Privateers,
How could it lie so far apart
Through all these stirring years?
Behold these steel-constructed braves
From wooden navies grown. —
Again he's on the clean, blue waves
With a Squadron of his own !

See you upon the moonlit tide
Yon phantom vessel sulk;
Once more the *Serapis* doth ride
Upon her battered hulk.
Mark ye, good foemen, from your graves
The flag for battle flown
When Jones made music on the waves
With a Squadron of his own !

Home Bound

Around the straits the white fleet slips
And bears its sacred spoil
To lay the Father of our Ships
Within his native soil;
Free is the dauntless soul who craves
The Ocean's blessed boon,
To be upon the clean blue waves
With a Squadron of his own !

A FATHER'S WELCOME

(“The Little Father will hear us,” said the mob, marching to the winter palace.)

NOT one among the peasant horde
That trudged along with patient mind
But breathed again the hopeful word,
“The Little Father, he is kind.”
Not one among the tattered throng,
Pouring from market place and square,
But murmured, “Though our woes be long,
The Father will receive our prayer.”

Passing by Cossacks and dragoons
They saw the sabres and the knouts;
Above the line of drawn platoons
The cannon thrust their naked snouts;
Fixed bayonets, in place to kill,
Caught from the snows the winter glare —
But through the throng the whisper still,
“The Father will receive our prayer.”

Now it is over. On the street
The undefending blood is shed.
The troops move by with cadenced beat,
The tumbrils bear away the dead.
Butchered like cattle in the stall,
Dying the death of slaves who dare
Murmur against their rightful thrall —
Thus has the Father heard their prayer.

A Father's Welcome

Leeches of Russia, mark your fate,
 You who have lived by blood too long —
A Giant hammers at your gate
 To right a dynasty of wrong.
And when the People, fearless grown,
 Swarm through the royal courts and tear
The rotten timbers from the throne —
 THEN will the Father hear their prayer?

THREE SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

I

IN CAMP

CHRISTMAS in camp — the icebound river winding
Through death-white banks among the sheeted pines ;
Drifts, valleys full, in stern compulsion binding
The workers to their cabins by the mines.
Hard hands, but tender hearts about the fire,
Faces deep lined by elemental strife,
Eyes quickened by the wandering desire
That calls the Seeker from his bairns and wife.
Letters from home, and many a homely token
To dim the eyes of bronzed and bearded men ;
For in the Spring the ties of kith are broken,
But Christmas calls the Seeker home again.

See, in the East the Natal Planet glows
Above the death's head of Sierra's snows.

II

AT SEA

CHRISTMAS at sea — and still the ghost fog lingers.
Far off Arenas throws her beacon light,
Or like an angel lifts a glowing finger
To warn against the perils of the night.

Three Songs of Christmas

The mists arise. Old Ocean seems to listen
 To catch the greeting of the kindly stars
The moon pours forth her scattered beams that glisten
 Among the jewelled frost-points on the spars.
O wife of mine in that far harbor waiting
 For my return on this home-coming day —
Why should the Sailor feel the Christmas greeting
 With Port and Love such bitter leagues away?

Star of the lonely Mariner, so keep
Love in the world and Peace upon the deep !

III

IN TOWN

CHRISTMAS in town — a carnival of giving,
 The tingling, jingling pulses of the time,
The feel of snow on furs, the joy of living,
 The sound of sleigh-bells bursting into chime.
Through yonder pane the firelight flickers jolly
 From happy childish face to tinselled bough;
Even the pauper wears his sprig of holly —
 Poor he indeed who has not fed by now;
Cold he indeed who, in the lust for treasure,
 Forgets the loving kinship of the race,
Who feels no cheer in all the Yuletide pleasure
 That Christ the Child permitted in His grace.

Hear you the children laughing through the gloam?
The Sailor has returned, the Seeker's home.

THE MONSTER

A MONSTER woman vile of face
Hurried into the market-place.

Her robes were yellow, her eyes were red,
And horror flamed in the words she said.

And the smooth-clad merchants, as she drew near,
Shrieked in terror and hid in fear,

As she soiled their streets with a trail of slime,
And smeared their coats with her soot and grime.

And a fever fumed in the market-place
At the sight of the woman vile of face.

“A curse,” men cried, “on the vandal foul,
Hag or harpy or witch or ghoul.

“Dripping mud on our spotless guise,
Showing shame to our shameless eyes,

“So that men, with deep disgust,
Turn from all that they love and trust.”

“Curse her not,” said a sayer of sooth,
“Curse her not, for she is the Truth.”

CLASP HANDS, YE NATIONS!

(THE PEACE OF PORTSMOUTH)

CLASP hands, ye Nations, and thank God
The bitter tragedy is done!
Corn shall be planted in the sod
That vengeance long has trod upon.
Clasp hands, ye Foes, across the path
By life-blood dampened as by dew;
The curtains of Almighty wrath
Roll back and let the sunlight through !

In those long camps where armies lie
Between the battle and despair
I think I hear a mighty sigh
Rise up to heaven like a prayer:
“Giver of Peace, our lives are dear
And we have felt the pains of men;
Thank God the blessed end is here
And we may see our homes again!”

Peace! and the grass may grow once more
Among the gullies and the stones
Where War might still have festered o'er
A continent of skulls and bones.
Peace! and the fleets of commerce choose
Safe paths on the untroubled deep
Where, buried in the crawling ooze,
The Navies of Misfortune sleep.

Clasp Hands, Ye Nations

Clasp hands, ye Nations, in the prayer
That hell's fierce work for good be done;
That such a trial by fire may bear
 New splendor to the Rising Sun;
And that the Peasants of the North
 Through suffering have found a way
To summon Light and Freedom forth
 To strike the prison-chains away!

THE TOY SELLER

WE human folk are toys of Fate,
 Such perishable, gay things;
We take our places, small and great,
 Like little wooden playthings;
Some pretty polls or dainty dolls
 Get naught but admiration,
While some, like ugly jumping-jacks,
 Are foolish by vocation.
We cut our antics for a while
 To give the world amusement,
We walk and talk and bow and smile
 With make-believe enthusement;
The pretty toys, the ugly toys,
 Move on by Fate's grim token
Until the day they're cast away—
 Poor worn-out toys and broken!

Toys, toys, toys!
 Who'll buy my playthings frail?—
Like human folks they all are jokes,
 And all of them for sale,
Fate pulls the string, they move and sing
 To show their woes and joys.
They act their parts with wooden hearts,
 My toys, toys, toys!

The Toy Seller

We human folk are toys of chance,
Left often where we tumble.
Some in the robes of princes dance,
Some walk in garments humble.
Some toys, caressed and fondly pressed,
Know sweet affection only;
Some toys are left in careless hands,
Neglected things and lonely.
We grin and ape, we bow and scrape,
With gestures wildly frantic,
Until at last, our works run down,
We can no longer antic;
Puppets are we — Fate holds the key —
Our parts by others spoken
Until the day we're cast away —
Poor worn-out toys and broken

Toys, toys, toys !
Who'll buy my playthings frail? —
Like human folks they all are jokes,
And all of them for sale.
Fate pulls the string, they move and sing
To show their woes and joys.
They act their parts with wooden hearts,
My toys, toys, toys !

WHAT FOOLS THESE IMMORTALS BE!

CHILD LABOR IN LITERARY SWEATSHOPS

I

AMONG the literary mills
Where story-books are made,
I saw a sad, anæmic lad
A-pling of his trade.
The novel he was working on
Had such a heavy plot
If it had spilled, it might have killed
That willing little tot.

II

“O child!” I cried, “this is no place
For one so very young —
Take care, beware! this close, stale air
May hurt each little lung.
O lay aside your pen and ink” —
The Infant shook his head;
“Ah, would I might — but I must write
To earn our daily bread.

III

“My father, ere he took to drink,
Had literary skill,
But since his fall we children all
Were prenticed to the mill.

Child Labor in Literary Sweatshops

My brother Ben (he's almost ten)
Turns out the novelettes
And sister Kate (she's only eight)
Works over storiettes.

IV

“But, being younger than the rest,
They work me like a dog
A-tying knots in half-baked plots
And building dialogue.
And sometimes when the trade is rushed
I labor overtime
At outdoor scenes for magazines
And seasonable rhyme.

V

“O, sir, to cavil or complain
We're really very loath;
Although this here dense atmosphere
Must surely stunt our growth—
Perhaps them folks what read our books
Can guess our fate so crool;
We want to be like others, free.
We want to go to school!”

VI

I left the literary mill
In gloomy mood indeed —

Child Labor in Literary Sweatshops

It makes me wild to think some child
Has written what **I** read.

Child-labor must be crushed! Reform
Must trace the matter home!

(I'll send these views to Mr. Hughes
And William T. Jerome.)

IN OUR CURRICULUM

(“Why should not Latin and Greek be discontinued in the universities ?” some advanced scientists are inquiring.)

HEAR the New Professor speak,
“No more Latin, no more Greek.

“Homer’s merely meant to play with —
Classics must be done away with.

“No more foolish lectures on
Socrates and Xenophon.

“We can easily forego
‘Arma virumque cano.’

“Students have no time to lose —
Teach ’em something they can Use.

“Books like these before ’em thrust:
‘How to Build and Run a Trust.’

““How a Senate May be Bought,”
‘How to Steal and Not be Caught,’

““Easy Steps to Shearing Flocks,”
‘Irrigating Common Stocks.’

“Teach the thoughtful theolog
‘Memoirs of a Pious Hog.’

“Have a sociologic course
Called ‘Respectable Divorce.’

In Our Curriculum

“Life is short and time is fast —
Wherefore monkey with the Past?

“Make the student fit, I say,
For this grander, larger day.

“Mould and train him so he can
Learn to skin the Other Man.

“Thus he'll be a power with men
And a model citizen.

“And some day when he is greater,
He'll enrich his Alma Mater.”

THE LITERARY LADY

THE Literary Lady, though she's clever, none can doubt it,
Too often makes us wonder why she worries so about it,
And why, when one picks up her book and meekly looks
upon it,

Her attitude distinctly says, “Please look at *me* — I done it !”

The Literary Lady, if her novel's a success,
Occasionally shows it in the manner of her dress,
As if to ask, “How *is* it the Immortals do their hair?
And when I reach the Hall of Fame, pray what am I to
wear ?”

The Literary Gentleman is otherwise, for he
Is shrinking, shy, and blushing to a marvellous degree.
He never talks about himself or writes the kind of stuff
That gets into the papers for a literary puff.

And when a sordid Publisher would advertise his book,
He shrinks from such publicity with dumb, appealing look ;
And every time a compliment comes smilingly his way
He shrieks, “Oh, please don't mention it !” and sighs and
faints away.

But the Literary Lady is alert, for well she knows
How one mistake of hers might wreck contemporary prose,
And as the laurel crown above her shell-like ear she sticks
She wears her honors lightly as a wagon-load of bricks.

The Literary Lady

There is some strange divinity that shapes her rides and walks,

As now she sits for photographs and interviews and talks,
And in her friendly sallies with the lawyers and the parson
She swings the torch of knowledge in a way suggesting arson.

The Literary Lady racks her fascinating head
To write her own biography before she's really dead,
To tell about her Editors, her Letters, and her Cats,
Her spring and summer Poetry, her fall and winter Hats.

For proudly she explains to us, as proud her lip is curled,
“The hand that rocks the cradle rules the (literary) world;
Therefore I firmly tread—though with the kindest intent—
Upon that drooping violet, the Literary Gent.”

ODES FROM THE COSEY CORNER OF HAFIZ

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL PERSIAN RUG)

ALLAH knows when I was younger, by the spell of Beauty smit,

If my Best Beloved scorned me, I was wont to throw a fit — Kismet ! now that I am older I am getting used to it !

And at nightfall when the bulbul uttered passion through the wood

Till the Pleiads swooned to morning at Her jalosies I stood — (And if I remember rightly, my digestion wasn't good).

Though a callow Priest of Passion, from the altar I refrained, So a Gentlemanly Spinster I have ardently remained, Losing hair in just proportion to the flesh that I have gained.

Ladies, count me not indifferent to all your graces, pray — Why, should chivalry require it, I would die for you, I say, If (of course) you let me do it in a comfortable way.

Why should you admire a Lover who lies dying on the grass, Stricken by the sword of combat to a rather shapeless mass ? Why not ether or (still cheaper) plain illuminating gas ?

Who most feel the most must suffer, and I'm sensitive no doubt

That the thorns are in the hedges and the roses dying out.

Odes from the Cosey Corner of Hafiz

I alone know how I suffer. From the Heart? No, from the Gout!

Wine of Youth and fruits of Eden dropping timely from the Tree

Have a reckless pagan flavor which no longer rouses me
As I take my Barrie novels with my macaroons and tea.

So you call yourself “Zuleikha!” Gad, the name *is* oriental!
Is it purposely erotic or, by purpose, accidental?
(Do not lean upon that shoulder! It’s rheumatic, so be gentle!)

Yes, I’ve told my beads to Venus and I know my Kisses well;

So a word to younger poets who have pretty Odes to sell —
In erotic verse the secret of the thing is “Kiss and Tell.”

Take my photograph and welcome, but don’t ask a lock of hair,

For you’ll see, on observation, I have only one to spare
(Like my teeth, this small collection has been labelled “Very rare”).

As you con my lyric combats where the tender passions duel,
Think of me who rhymed their romance, made them languorous or cruel —

Think of me in carpet slippers, nibbling toast and sipping gruel!

And if sighs of disillusion, sweet Zuleikha, come to you,
What, by all that’s sentimental, can an elder poet do?
It is hard to look like Shelley when one’s waistcoat’s fifty-two!

Odes from the Cosy Corner of Hafiz

Yes, my dear, you're glad you've met me, and to-night when
you retire

Waste a thought upon the Poet whose young verses you
admire,

And forget that he is old enough to be your father's sire.

THE LITERARY HORRORS CLUB

I HAVE no literary style,
I am no diplomat:
But those who read "The Clansman" know
I'm not alone in that,
And those who read "The Jungle" know
How one may feed the rooks
With litter from the slaughter-house
And turn it into books.

'Twas in a literary fog
Beside an inky wave;
Some rather handsome skeletons
Were dancing on a grave;
A somewhat pleasant lynching, too,
Gave zest to the affair
When Jack o' London, stalking in,
Cried thrice, "Ahoy, Sinclair!"

Then Upton came from Packington
As gay as one can be
Whose progress is accompanied
By Reverend Thomas D.,
The latter striking attitudes
And braying at the moon
While flourishing a manuscript
Entitled, "Coon, Coon, Coon!"

The Literary Horrors Club

“This is me weekly masterpiece,”
The Reverend Thomas yelled,
“Though most of it is short on facts
And some of it’s misspelled—
Yet who’ll resist me portraiture
Of Dixie’s golden age
With forty horrors to the word,
Three murders to the page?”

“Enough, enough! read not such stuff!”
Quoth Upton of Sinclair,
“I would a bitter tale unfold
Of Sausage and Despair.
My hero is a foreigner,
A stranger yet to soap,
His name Bzzzzisqtyozxtistnob
(Pronounced Bzzuzzixzstnope).

“The pigs were squealing lustily
As knives thrust home to kill.
Our hero stood knee deep in blood
And ran a sausage-mill,
When suddenly his foot it slipped,
And on the knives he fell,
The sausage-grinder gave a twist,
And with a horrid yell—”

There came a stranger weird and wan
Whose chin required a shave.
He pulled his slender prophet’s beard
And writhed upon a grave.

The Literary Horrors Club

“Alas! she was a cannibal!”

He moaned, as if in pain.

Then all the club arose and cried,

“Good evening, Mr. Caine!”

“Her Pa committed suicide

By biting off his head.

Her mother saw her uncle’s ghost

And died of fright,” he said.

“So her unpleasant habits seem

Quite curious to me

Considering she comes from such

A pleasant familee.”

There came a Russian accent next

Belike a popping cork.

I think 'twas Maxim Gorky who

Was showing How to Gork;

But tired of madhouse fantasies

Right quickly home I gat:

I have no literary style—

And thank the Lord for that!

BALLADE OF SOUR GRAPES

OFT do I strive with god-like toil
On clear Parnassian heights to dwell,
While Smith, the Author, keen for spoil,
Carpenters novels just to sell.
His work is drivel, wot I well,
But still his mill grinds golden grist
The while his sales to millions swell —
The poor, Successful Novelist !

With fiendish cunning, smooth as oil,
He's robbed the master minds pell mell —
Excerpts from Hardy, Howells, and Doyle
Are peculated by the ell.
His heroine's a damosel
Just like a thousand more I wist —
How you succeed I cannot tell
O poor, Successful Novelist !

It fills my breast with wild turmoil
That such fat wit success should spell
While at Fame's doorstep I must broil
With no one there to mind the bell.
In vain my classic goods I yell;
For when I stop I'm never missed,
Though friends acknowledge I excel
The poor, Successful Novelist !

Ballade of Sour Grapes

Envoy

Public, I would such luck befall
That my fair genius I might twist
Like him who claims your I X L,
The poor, Successful Novelist !

A LATER ADVENTURE OF PEGASUS

WHEN Pegasus' decline began,
His pinions scarcely fit to drag on,
The Poet sold him to a man
Who ran a vegetable wagon.
This Huckster, little versed in Keats
And knowing Horace very sparsely,
Cared less for Byron than for beets
And less for Pindar than for parsley.

His wit was slow,
His brow was low,
His voice knew not Apollo's uses
(In selling leeks
One seldom speaks
The favored measure of the Muses).

And so the Huckster hitched the Steed
Unto his cart and started yelling
His stock in trade, to meet the need
Of every cook in every dwelling;
But lo! each word he tried to bawl
Fell into rhymed extravaganzas
Until at last his huckster's call
Became complete poetic stanzas:

A Later Adventure of Pegasus

“Who’ll buy my corn
This jocund morn?
My lettuce green as tropic parrots?
My marvellous
Asparagus,
My radishes, my beans and carrots?”

So Pegasus with dusty coat
Tugged till the sweat ran down his dapples,
And now and then the Huckster wrote
A sonnet on a peck of apples,
And now and then he raised a cry
So rhythmically sublimated
That folks remarked, in passing by,
“He’s daft or else intoxicated!”

“Crisp cauliflower!
Fresh lemons sour!
Cantaloupe, spinach, new po-ta-toes!
Fresh pease, fresh greens,
Fresh lima beans,
And blood-red, sun-kissed ripe to-may-toes!”

As night drew on the Horse divine
Grew most extremely irrit-able
And inwardly began to pine
For oats in his Parnassian stable.
He kicked his master off the dray,
And snorting like a fiery dragon,
Spread out his wings and flew away,
Still harnessed to the Huckster’s wagon.

A Later Adventure of Pegasus

MORAL

Though change of heart
And love of Art
May make a Poet of a Carter,
The Muses' colt
Is apt to bolt
When harnessed down to trade and barter.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A GENIUS

I

EARLY SIGNS OF GREATNESS

IN a cottage neat but small,
On a pleasant April mornin'
I was born. (Correct locale
For a genius to be born in.)

When my parents (they were poor)
Heard me murmur in my slumbers,
"Surely two times two are four."
"Hark!" they cried, "he lisps in numbers!"

II

I AWE THE WORLD

I WAS first inspired to write
By a vision, and I saw it
Point to means whereby I might
Burst upon the world and awe it.

Did I awe it? That did I,
Just as much as might be lawful;
For I heard the public cry,
"Goodness! aren't his verses awful!"

The Confessions of a Genius

III

MY WORK MEETS WITH PRAISE

NEXT a novel to compose
I employed my fairest diction,
Saying to myself, “Here goes—
For there’s merit in my fiction.”

Soon that merit met with praise
When a publisher wrote, “Sir, it
Does not suit in many ways—
This implies no lack of merit.”

IV

HEARTY RESPONSE TO MY CONTRIBUTIONS

QUICK success thus made secure,
My ambitions grew exciting.
“There are large returns, I’m sure,
Latent in short-story writing.”

I was right. To book concernis
Daily stories were epistled—
And I got my “large returns”
Every time the postman whistled.

V

I AM LIONIZED

FLUSHED by triumphs such as these,
Honor-garlanded like Dion,
I was often bid to teas,
There to be a social lion.

The Confessions of a Genius

Here, made prudent by the qualms
Of a clumsy social bungle,
I retired among the palms —
Still the Monarch of the Jungle!

VI

A WORD IN CLOSING

THUS unburdening my heart
I have made a public clearance,
Showing what is gained in Art —
As in Life — through perseverance.

If you're really inspired,
Genius' flower cannot be frosted
Till the editors are tired —
And the market is exhausted.

THE STRIKE IN BOOKLAND

IN fairy Bookland's further mere
Where future thoughts are congregated,
The unborn Novels of the Year
Met and their ultimatum stated.
“Ere from the Author's teeming brain
We spring,” they said, “full-armed, full-sized,
We swear by many an inky stain
We won't, we won't be dramatized.”

A bold Historical Romance
(Of future date) he smote his thigh:
“Gadzooks, it were a sore mischance,—
My cartel, an ye say I lie!—
That some betinselled player rogue
Should drag fair knight to state despised—
I, good Sir Guy, to be their vogue!
Mark me—I won't be dramatized.”

A Tale of Manners (still unwrote)
Frowned slightly through her gentle poise:
“Were such a question put to vote,
One certainly should have one's choice.
A lady from the printed page,
However thoroughly revised,
Is not at home upon the stage—
I really can't be dramatized.”

The Strike in Bookland

A future Local Color Book

Drawled rakishly: "That's straight, my friend.
There ain't no manager can hook
This baby out of Gila Bend.
I guess a Novel ain't a Play
No more'n a Cow's a Horse. I've sized
The sitooashun that-a-way.
You bet *I* won't be dramatized."

The Coming Novels took the oath

And flew into their Authors' brains —
Will they be false or true, or both?
Unguessed the question still remains.
Perhaps some future Scribe will say:
"The novel I have just devised
Is not essentially a Play —
It can't, it won't be dramatized."

THE QUEST OF THE LOCAL COLOR

O BEAR me away on the wings of the night
And put me in touch with the stars;
For it's new local color of which I would write
And I think that I'll seek it in Mars.

I've scoured all the earth to its farthest demesne
For some as-yet-undescribed spot,
And long have I fared, but yet none have I seen
Not used long ago in a plot.

Did I try South America? Davis has that.
The Isthmus? O. Henry's been there.
The Klondyke? Jack London, a fierce autocrat,
Has gobbled the North as his share.

Kentucky belongs to the mountaineer, Fox,
Wyoming was Wister's on sight,
And Parker has Canada's rivers and rocks
Fenced in by his own copyright.

I ride through the mesas and ranges in vain
In search of some spot in the West.
Which might have escaped "The Virginian's" train —
"Red Saunders" has gobbled the rest.

Lo, Duncan has left not a comma to write
On the sad little Newfoundland isle

The Quest of the Local Color

And how can I dream of New England in sight
Of Mary E. Wilkins's style?

I fly to the East, and 'midst races of men,
With names unpronounceable probe
Till bang against Kipling I come with my pen;
For he claims the rest of the globe.

Then bear me away on ethereal swells
And put me in touch with the stars —
But hold up a minute! There's Herbert G. Wells
Already located in Mars.

THE BOOKWORM TURNS

UPON my bookshelf's dusty edge,
 His tiny suit-case bearing,
A Bookworm walked across the ledge
 Toward unknown regions faring.

He turned and faced me with a leer
 Entirely disapproving.

“I’m getting tired of boarding here,
 And so, you see, I’m moving.

“I’m easy tempered, heaven knows !
 I like both Swift and Bunyan,
I’m fond of Omar’s poisoned rose
 And Verlaine’s poisoned onion.

“I even manage still to smile
 Upon my fellow-creatures,
Though bitter mouthfuls of Carlyle
 Distort my placid features.

“And I conceal my tiny pain,
 (Though feeling rather rummy),
When Bulwer-Lytton and Mark Twain
 Are warring in my tummy.

“But here I have undone myself —
 Excuse these wormful grovels —

The Bookworm Turns

For I have dined upon a shelf
Of pessimistic novels.

“Along a powerful Tolstoi row
My appetite I whetted,
Then lingered with d’ Annunzio
And ate — and then regretted.

“I tried a Hardy sandwich next, —
My greed I could not bridle, —
Then nibbled at a Gorky text
With gusto suicidal.

“And when my blood was thinned away,
My soul with horror tainted,
I bit into an Ibsen play,
Gave up the ‘Ghost’ and fainted.

“Dyspepsia breeds the misanthrope
With gloomy thoughts a-riot —
O give me Doyle, O give me Hope,
A lighter, simpler diet !”

And so I saw him stride away
In heavy marching order
To where some seaside library
Invites the summer boarder.

CONFessions OF A PARODIST

I HAVE vandalishly parodied "The Raven,"

I have written things that sounded like "The Brook,"
Banal gambols I have made with "The Injun Serenade,"

And I've dandled Kipling's "Vampire" on my hook;
But in all my dark career of evil-doing

Certain moments of discretion I have shown,
I have never tackled "Hiawatha's Wooing"—
There are chestnuts which it's best to leave alone.

"Mother Goose's" little rhymes I've up-to-dated,
I have parodied the feet of Bobbie Burns;
Though I've never fooled with Homer, I have done some
stunts with Omar.

And I've given "Paul Revere" some frightful turns.
I have served "The Ancient Mariner" warmed over,
Full of topical allusions, just for spice;
But I've never copy made of the mildewed "Light Brigade"
There are classics which it's best to leave on ice.

Heaven knows it's often hard to get possession
Of enough Old Favorites to go around;
In despair they sometimes find us writing "Great men all
remind us,"

Though that verse was long since run into the ground.
Though for parodies in Paradise I plunder,
Drag the "Blessed Damosel" from airy heaven,
May I perish where I fall if I ever have the gall
To afflict the world again with "We Are Seven."

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